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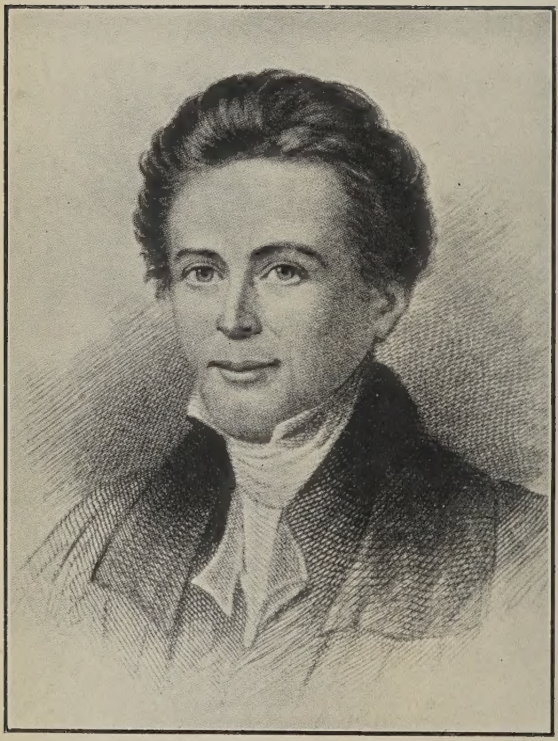

ALEXANDER DUFF
AT THIRTY

Frontispiece.

Self Lost in Service

ALEXANDER DUFF 1806-1878
OF INDIA

BY

ALEXANDER DUFF WATSON, B.D.
(GRANDSON)

Author of "Our Missionary Heritage"
and "Moments Apart"

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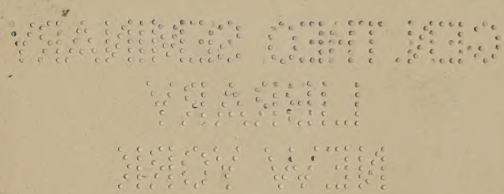

NOTE.

In the preparation of this work the author, about three months before his death, condensed and thoroughly revised the large amount of material he had originally had available. His intention was not to enter in any way into competition with the elaborate biographies of Dr Duff belonging to an earlier period, but to supply a crisp and vivid life-sketch having a wide general appeal. For this task he was specially equipped owing to the frequent intercourse he had enjoyed with his grandfather both at home and when travelling, and also because of his own life-long deep interest in and knowledge of Mission enterprise.

Of help received in completing the work since the death of Mr Duff Watson grateful acknowledgment is hereby made to Mr Alexander MacKilligan, Aberdeen.

Aberdeen,
September 1926.

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Self Lost in Service

CHAPTER I.

Getting Ready.

Towards the evening of a summer's day early in the nineteenth century a party of high-spirited boys might have been seen making their way home, from a scamper over the hills, along the north road which passes through the parish of Moulin, in the beautiful vale of Athole, Perthshire. Alexander Duff, a strongly built, tall, muscular boy, with black hair and open face and keen eyes, who led them, the eldest son of James Duff, gardener of Balnakeilly House, and Jean Rattray his wife, carried a cudgel ready to defend his comrades in the gathering dusk from the imaginary terrors of the dark corners of the road. He was born at Auchnahyle farm house on the 25th April 1806, but shortly after his birth his father moved to Balnakeilly.

The boy, who was keen to learn, must have received most of his education till nearly eight years of age at his happy home, and if a stranger to the district had asked, "How came these lads to be free to spend the day rambling over the hills instead of attending the parish school?" he would probably have

received the answer, "Oh, 'the black dominie' (the master's nickname) has given the boys a holiday, because the river Tummel is in good condition, and he has gone to fish!"

A Pious Father.

The father, James Duff, described by one who knew him as "a bit of a character," was very fond of young people, and nothing gave him greater pleasure than to read and explain the Bible to them: his rich poetic fancy and glowing words making scenes and characters almost live before them. It was said of him "You would have made a famous Covenanter, and you have the spirit of 'the Scots Worthies'". From "The Scots Worthies" he often read aloud the thrilling story of those who suffered in former days during Scotland's struggles for freedom. It was his father's reading this book, Duff wrote from Calcutta, that "made him desire to imitate in spirit these noble and faithful martyrs of Jesus." Deeply interested himself in all forms of missionary effort, James Duff described to the children with picture and story, the cruel and dark ways of heathenism and the triumphs of the Gospel in benighted lands. When his father died, Duff wrote from Calcutta: "If ever son had reason to thank God for the prayers, the instruction, the counsels, and the consistent example of a devoutly pious father, I am that son."

Gaelic was young Duff's mother tongue, and he often heard the weird poems of Dugald Buchanan, recited by the Rannoch Schoolmaster, in that language in his father's house. It is not unlikely that the recollection of one of these poems, "The Day of Judgment," and the story of Buchanan's dreams caused Duff, when a lad, to dream that "The Day" had come, and that he and his companions were waiting to receive sentence. The terror with which each saw his turn coming nearer awakened him. That dream led to his seeking and obtaining assurance of pardon.

A Splendid Vision.

Another dream he had of a brighter character. After school hours, and when not required at home, he wandered over the mountain side drinking in the beauty of the scene, and having his mind filled with thoughts of his life work. On a glorious day, when clouds, bright in the sunlight, were playing about the hill tops, recalling the passage "who maketh the clouds his chariots," Duff, wearied with helping at harvest, fell asleep and dreamed of a chariot of gold, studded with gems, and drawn by fiery horses. When the chariot came near he fancied that God looked out and gently said "Come up hither, for I have work for thee to do." A splendid vision of the King's commission for a boy. When he was eleven years old, his father arranged he should attend the Kirkmichael

school, twelve miles over the hill from Moulin, boarding with the Schoolmaster, a thoroughly competent man, who had just been appointed. While always a diligent scholar, Duff shared in all school games: shinty seems to have been the most popular, but he could also throw a quoit with the best, and in the burn which passes Kirkmichael there is a stone which is still known as "Duff's stone," because be alone could leap on to it from the bank. On one occasion when sent to draw water from the burn near his father's house he fell in and was nearly drowned.

A Winter Adventure.

It was while attending Kirkmichael school Duff and a companion nearly lost their lives in the snow; in after days the memory of this experience ever helped him to persevere when he felt discouraged. One Saturday afternoon he and a companion asked the master's permission to take their customary walk over the hill to Moulin to see their friends. Snow, which had fallen during the night, was lying lightly in the glen, but the master feared it would be deeper on the higher ground. As, however, the sun shone brightly, and the boys, eager to go, were quite familiar with the track, he very reluctantly consented. They had no difficulty in Strathard, but the heavier snow and the deep heather on the higher ground gave them a good deal of trouble, and when fresh snow began to fall they found it

would be as difficult to return as to go on. Blinded by the driving snow, the lads lost the track altogether, and nightfall overtook them wandering over the hillside. They continued talking to keep up their spirits, till in sheer exhaustion, having committed themselves to God, they lay down to sleep.

In a cottage near Pitlochry some men were waiting till the storm which had broken over the district abated. They then in the darkness made their way in silence to a pool on the Tummel, in which they knew there were salmon. They were poachers, who kindled a torch for a few moments to attract the fish so that they might spear them, and then the light was extinguished. That light, as it suddenly shone through the darkness, roused the boys from their sleep and gave them strength to try again. They had not struggled forward a hundred feet before the light went out, but pushing on they ran against a wall, over which they scrambled and found themselves near a cottage in a kitchen garden. They noticed the cottage by the light which shone out under the doorway, for though it was now early in the morning, the inmates had not retired to rest. They knocked, and after satisfying those inside, were admitted, their clothes frozen stiff from snow and perspiration, while icicles were hanging from their heads. Refreshed by the warmth and warm milk, and as they now knew where they were, they soon made their way home. All these experiences strengthened Duff's character, and

gave to it a tinge of sternness with a zeal for righteousness. Trickery and meanness he scorned. This characteristic led him on one occasion to take his younger brother into the stable and give him a sound whipping for doing something which Alexander considered very wrong.

Perth and St Andrews.

From Kirkmichael Duff went, for one year, to Perth Grammar School, and was present when the following event occurred. On the morning of his first appearance the New Rector, instead of addressing the scholars after prayers, began pulling out the various drawers of his desk, and suddenly started back with horror from one he had just opened. After calling in the janitor he said to the school :—" Surely my boys, generous fellows as they are, need nothing of this sort to stimulate them : the presence of these would seem to indicate that they were to be treated like barbarians or savages instead of being allowed freely to manifest the generous impulses of ingenuous and industrious youth. England's great naval hero gave as his last watchword : ' England expects every man to do his duty,' so now, my boys, I, your rector, your parents, and the Town Council of Perth say emphatically that we expect every one of you to do his duty, and that you will do it I have no shadow of doubt. Janitor, take these horrid instruments away at once, and

throw them into the water." Hearty cheers greeted his words, which were renewed when the boys saw the janitor cast the tawse into the mill lade.

So keen were the scholars to justify the rector's confidence that in summer, when the weather permitted, a dozen of them might have been seen out on the North Inch, as early as four or five o'clock, walking alone or gathered in groups questioning each other upon the day's lesson. Duff was one of them, and another was John Urquhart, who was at Perth, and afterwards at St. Andrews, his favourite and intimate chum, and about whom he wrote: "In every innocent pastime for promoting the health, in every playful expedient for whetting the mental powers, none more active than he, but in all the little brawls and turmoils that usually agitate youthful associations there was one whom you might safely reckon upon having no share."

Duff left Perth, after a year, Dux of the school, and with a reputation for scholarship. In 1821 he entered the University of St. Andrews, having received £20 from his father; he was also helped by Mr David Duff of Dundee, because of his connection with the Fandowe branch of that clan. He gained the highest bursary at the entrance examination, and from that date supported himself with bursaries, and as a tutor, for "I felt," he said, "my father had done so much for me, it was my duty to do for myself." During

his University course he was a very successful student, gaining highest honours for Classics, Logic, Natural and Moral Philosophy, although there never was at St. Andrews a more brilliant assemblage of talent and genius than at that period, drawn there from all parts of the Kingdom by the fame of Dr Chalmers.

Alexander Duff was always an agreeable companion, generally in high spirits and mirthful without vulgarity, stalwart, and full of energy ; and we see him in a characteristic mood as he passes a companion's window on his way to some students' meeting, armed with a good thick stick as though he expected there might be a row. Of all his fellow-students the one who impressed him most was John Urquhart, who wrote to his father "I was very dull, of course, for the first two or three days I was here, but since Alexander Duff came I have been happy enough with my situation." These two for a time shared the same lodgings, and with other companions rambled over the rocks and sea shore, and together, morning and evening, worshipped God.

During his college career, as languages were his favourite study, Alexander Duff and another student resolved to gain familiarity with all known languages. They accordingly borrowed from the University library grammars of German, Russian, Persian, Arabic, Chinese, and other languages, and spent many nights on this absurd experiment.

Students' Missionary Movement.

In the Autumn of 1824 Alex. Duff entered St. Mary's College to study for the Church. God was very real to the students, and they used all available means to know His will and purpose, more especially in regard to Missionary Effort. This was largely due to the influence of Dr Chalmers, whose enthusiastic support had awakened a deep interest in the subject. They discussed the topic when they met in each other's rooms, and one night they proposed to join an association for the careful examination of the question which had been formed by Dr Trail a year before amongst the medical students. In this way the St. Andrew's University Missionary Society came into being. The movement succeeded beyond the most sanguine expectation. But at first the governing body of St. Mary's College, regarding it as the result of quixotic zeal, disapproved, and refused any room or hall in which the Society could meet, also prevailing upon the Town Council to refuse the use of the town School for the meetings. At last, however, the master of a venture school, situated in a narrow, dingy lane, allowed them to meet in his small and inconvenient schoolroom, and there the University Missionary Society was fully inaugurated. When the Principals and Professors noted that the keenest supporters of the Society were the foremost pupils in their classes, and that they were examples of

diligence, steadiness, and good behaviour, they withdrew their opposition. The use of the Divinity Hall for their meetings was granted, and each of the Principals subscribed annually one guinea to the Society's funds. So influential was the Society that one-third of the students attending the University joined it, and "more than one missionary for each college Session, two out of every hundred students," came from it.

During the Session it became known that Dr Chalmers was expected to preach on a Sunday afternoon. The students therefore unanimously and respectfully asked to be exempted from the compulsory attendance at the College Church in order that they might attend the town church. When this request was refused, the students from all the faculties in a body absented themselves from service at the College Church. It was deemed inexpedient to gather all the unruly students for admonition, but each student was fined the customary sixpence.

As the athlete knows he can only keep in fit condition by regular practise, so the Christian must by careful preparation fit himself for the service of the King. In addition, therefore, to his ordinary classwork and acting as tutor, Duff shared in Sunday School work and visited, with permission from Dr Haldane, the poor in the town, a service which Dr Chalmers, by precept and example, originated amongst the students: "This," he said, "is what I call preaching the Gospel to every creature."

A Momentous Resolution.

When preaching on one occasion in reference to missionary effort Dr Chalmers said : " How shall the Gospel be brought in contact with a soul at a distance of a thousand miles from the place in which we are standing ? How would you answer the question ? " The problem constantly presented itself to the students at St. Andrews. This is the answer the Doctor gave :—" I know no other conceivable way than sending a messenger in possession of the principle himself, and able to convey it into the mind of another by his powers of communication." To Duff and others this must have raised such questions as these :—" Can I go ? Should I be such a messenger ? What reason can I give for not going ? " " The duty of personal engagement in the work of Missions " was the subject of John Urquhart's closing address as president to the last meeting of the University Missionary Society, towards the close of the winter session of 1826. His audience was overwhelmingly thrilled when he announced, that, after making every possible enquiry, and having tested the arguments for and against the work, the duty seemed to him to be conclusive. " I have, therefore, resolved, with the help of God, to devote my life to the cause ; and I have only to charge every one of you who is looking forward to the ministry of Christ to take the matter into most serious consideration." This proved to be the crisis

of Duff's life, for the question, intensified by Urquhart's early death next year, never left his thoughts till one night in his own room he fell on his knees and said to God :—

"Oh Lord, thou knowest that silver and gold to give to this cause I have none ; what I have I give to Thee ; I offer Thee myself ; wilt Thou accept the gift ?" The gift was accepted, and in this way, mastered by Christ, Alexander Duff became master of himself. On his return home he made known his decision to his parents thus : "Urquhart is no more ; what if your son should take up his cloak ? You approved the motive that directed the choice of Urquhart ; you commended his high purpose. The cloak is taken up."

It was probably about this time, during his third year at St. Mary's, that he writes :— "My soul was first drawn out as by a spell-like fascination to India by reading the article about that country in Brewster's Encyclopædia." Then there came to him unexpectedly, through the Principal of the College, from Dr Inglis, Convener of the committee entrusted with the proposal to establish a mission in the neighbourhood of Calcutta, the offer of that sphere of work. As, however, his theological course was still unfinished, he declined the offer.

They have a proverb in Africa that "the dawn does not come twice to awaken a man," so when the same offer was repeated in the following year, he felt that it could not then

be easily decided. Alone with God and conscience, he resolved to accept ; and having put his hand to the plough, he never turned back. When he told his parents they, in spite of his having warned them the year before, were at first overwhelmed, but, after calm reflection, recognised the leading of God. Duff spent some time in studying the Eastern languages, and after his ordination at St. George's, Edinburgh, on 6th October 1829, he sailed for Calcutta with his young wife, Anne Scott Drysdale, to whom he had been married on 9th July. In a letter of introduction, Dr John MacWhirter, who had been long in India, added a postcript, which in the end meant much to the young missionary : "*N.B.*—Remember me kindly to Ram Mohun Roy, and write to me what you find and think him to be."

CHAPTER II.

Under Weigh.

The voyage of Mr and Mrs Duff in the East Indianman, *Lady Holland*, began with a storm, in which they narrowly escaped being wrecked. Thereafter a derelict was passed. At Madeira, while they were on shore, the ship had to put out to sea in order to avoid being driven ashore, and on account of stormy weather could not return for three weeks. As pirates were infesting these seas, a British frigate convoyed them to the Cape Verde Islands. They were detained there another week. Soon after they left these islands one of the pirates sailed past them with the frigate in hot pursuit. On Dassen Island the ship became a total wreck.

Early in February they approached the African coast, in doubt as to where they were, because cloudy weather had prevented the taking of observations. When the watch was changed at four bells, the lookout said to his successor: "I am very much mistaken if that is not land ahead of us." The sailor ran forward, followed by the captain and second officer, and almost at once the chilling

cry rang out : " Breakers ahead ! helm hard to weather." The warning came too late, for most of the passengers who had retired for the night were roused by the crash as the vessel struck a reef. Soon the waves dashing over the reef broke the ship's back, and the forepart sank. The passengers soon gathered in the " Cuddy," but so violent was the motion of the vessel that they could neither sit nor stand without holding on to some support.

After the Wreck.

After the stupefaction produced by the suddenness of the catastrophe wore off, they all gathered round Duff as he commended them to God in prayer. The masts were cut down, and the gig with three sailors sent to find out where the party were. After some hours the sailors reported having found a sandy bay where landing was possible. The long boat was then launched, but, with the sailors' shout " there goes our last hope," the rope broke and the boat drifted away, giving a startling meaning to the sailors' cry.

Soon, however, to the surprise of all, the boat was discovered to be returning to the ship, and a voice calling for a rope was heard. It turned out that one of the most wicked of the sailors, who had concealed himself in the bottom of the boat, as it drifted near to the rocks and was in danger of being dashed to pieces, had, with the energy of despair, seized the oars and made his way back to the

ship. The ship's company was now safely landed upon what they found to be Dassen Island, 20 miles south of Suldanha Bay, where there is now a lighthouse. Two Dutchmen, who were on the island gathering penguin eggs, ferried the ship's doctor to the mainland; he then made his way to Cape Town some eighty miles overland. When the governor heard the details he at once sent a brig of war, which was actually weighing anchor for other duty, to the rescue of the ship's company, for he said: "Humanity has the first claim."

On the morning after the wreck a sailor picked up a parcel, which had been cast ashore, containing a quarto copy of Bagster's Bible and a Scottish Psalm Book, somewhat shattered, but with Alexander Duff's name on both. These volumes, which had been wrapped in chamois leather and put in a box with other books, were all that was left of a library of eight hundred volumes and manuscripts. The company, who were all deeply affected when the sailor with glistening face brought them to the missionary, at once fell on their knees, while Duff, laying the book on the white sand, read the 107th Psalm, and then returned thanks to God for the deliverance of the company. Never before or since, he tells us, did he hear such responses as accompanied that service. How did the missionary regard his loss? "They are gone, I can say without a murmur," for it appeared to him a message by which he was at length

delivered, through the special intervention of an over-ruling Providence, from his struggle over his love for languages.

Two More Hurricanes.

The voyage was resumed from Cape Town in the *Lady Moira*. The sailors sang their chanty "Sunday sail, never fail," but the ship soon ran into weather so rough that, struck by a hurricane, she nearly foundered off Mauritius. A second hurricane, at Sauger Island in the mouth of the Hoogly, tossed the ship on to the left bank of the river. When morning dawned the gig boat was warped to the shore by means of a hawser which had been made fast to a tree, and from that point, waist deep in water, the passengers waded ashore to a village. Caste, the most precious Hindu heritage, prevented the villagers from receiving the strangers, shipwrecked though they were, into their homes, so that the ship's company, drenched with water and covered with mud, passed that day and night huddled together in a ruined mud temple. Next day they reached Calcutta, eight months after leaving England. When a newspaper account of Duff's eventful voyage appeared, many of the people remarked: "Surely this man is a favourite of the gods, who has a notable work to do in India." No time was lost by the young Perthshire divine in putting his hand to that work, inauspicious though the prospect seemed to be.

CHAPTER III.

Standing Alone.

Shortly after his arrival in Calcutta, Duff received an invitation to a State Ball arranged by the Governor-General in honour of the accession of William IV. As a matter of principle he had never attended any ball, and he felt that he could not accept the invitation. But as he did not know what an invitation from the Governor-General might mean, he consulted the godly English chaplain on the matter. The chaplain replied that he entirely disapproved of balls, and if he possibly could he would shun them altogether. But in India an invitation from the Governor-General, who represented the Queen, was regarded as a command. He, therefore, was in the habit of going to Government House and entering the ball room, to remain there for a few moments, and then quietly to retire. Duff did not like this compromise, and as his friend had no better solution to give, he wrote a letter to the Governor-General's Private Secretary, in which, after expressing thanks for the courteous invitation, he stated that

he could not consistently attend the ball, and that he also was afraid to injure his usefulness as a minister by accepting the invitation.

After a week or two the Governor-General expressed by letter his cordial approval of the spirit and principles of the Missionary's attitude. At the same time the Private Secretary added that his lordship hoped Mr Duff would dine privately with Lady Bentinck and himself and a few friends in order that he might talk over various important matters which bore on the social, moral, intellectual and religious conditions of the natives of India. On these occasions civilians and military officials were surprised at the unusual sight of the Governor-General condescending to converse with a missionary instead of listening to them and hearing *their* opinions.

Duff's Plans.

We may now ask:—At what did Duff aim in coming to India? What was the vision the missionary saw and hoped to be able to help to make a reality? He believed that, while it is the grand primary object of Christianity to save souls, it is divinely ordained that in the very act and process of doing so, Christianity should permeate, purify and elevate all society, not stopping short till all private, domestic and social habits, manners, customs and practices, as well as all national institutions and laws, are brought into complete conformity with the mind and

requirements of Christ. He therefore hoped and expected that the Gospel would enable India, animated by Christian principles, to take her rightful place among the great nations of the world.

In the instructions which Duff had received from the Convener, the special desire was expressed that he should form a seminary for the higher education of the better-class natives. This was Dr Inglis' own idea. After making inquiry in Calcutta and its neighbourhood, the missionary concluded that the spirit of this instruction could be better attained if the letter were broken. The Committee desired that the seminary should be in the environs of the city; Duff decided it should be established in Calcutta itself. When he had once made up his mind he believed in acting promptly. He sent home full and exhaustive explanations justifying the course he was pursuing.

In reply there came a letter from the Convener, in which Dr Inglis pathetically stated it had taken him two months to circulate Mr Duff's letters amongst the Committee, and asking the missionary to take this as a warning and to state his views briefly, "abbreviating your discussions in point of reasoning." (This appeal of the overwhelmed Convener recalls the fond wish which a Scottish newspaper uttered when Duff addressed the Assembly as Moderator for the second time in 1873—that the missionary had studied under Baron Liebig!)

On another point the young pioneer in Calcutta had the courage to differ from the instructions which he had received. The original purpose which Dr Inglis, who really drafted the scheme, had in view was instruction through Bengalee, although it was intended that English should also be taught —to raise some intellectually by imparting a liberal education to them, so that they should be a leaven which would gradually act upon superstition and idolatry, but, "more particularly, to qualify some who may be converted to Christianity and religiously disposed," and who were to be used as ministers and evangelists amongst their fellow-countrymen. But, after carefully examining the situation, Duff decided that the best way to carry out the instructions would be to teach the whole school English, thus taking advantage of the general eager desire of the Hindus for instruction in that language, instead of trying to train in European learning and literature through Arabic, Persian and Sanscrit.

Duff was convinced that the example of Akbar, when he had conquered India, was worthy of imitation by the British. Akbar insisted that the language of business and polite literature throughout all his Dominions should be Persian, his own language, in order that the people might become familiar with his rule. By this simple device he influenced the people's daily thought and made Persian rule almost a national condition of things in

India. When the British overturned the rule of Akbar's successors, they did not at once introduce the English language, and by this omission they allowed the spell of the genius of the Mohammedan dynasty to be an impressive power in India. By his determination to use English in his school Duff hoped to begin the process of familiarising the natives with that language, and thus add to the stability of British rule in the country.

The New School.

The most distinct feature of the new school, Duff resolved, must be the daily reading of some portion of the Bible by those who were able to read; and at the same time the simple explanation of Scripture to all. This, he held, must be done in order that the young people should be made acquainted with the enlightened thought of Scripture, and so might become more intelligent. But his chief end was to seek by this process to impress the truth upon the hearts of those he taught, so that conscience might become a living power in their lives. At no time in his career did he relish the idea of a separation being made in his school between what is called secular and what is called spiritual teaching. He went so far as to maintain that in a missionary school "there ought to be no exclusively secular department."

Duff found no difficulty in carrying out this idea; and he always endeavoured—his

pupils testified to his success—in addition to reading and teaching the Bible, to combine secular and religious education throughout the teaching of the day. He sought to teach literature and science in such a way as to be of effect in Christianising the scholar; and he gloried in making this object known. He intended that his scholars should be so taught that they should find in the instruction the reflection of the spirit of Christ, and the illustration of its deductions and principles in general life. He believed that the endeavour to convert the country by the methods of elementary education and open air preaching *alone* was unwise, and that to insist upon the reasonableness of these methods alone was to sacrifice judgment to enthusiasm. At the same time he held that teaching and preaching were always supplementary to each other.

The European community of Calcutta at once disapproved. "What you propose doing is impossible. It is a wild dream to think that any of the better-class Hindus will attend a school where the Bible is read and explained." Many, therefore, tried to dissuade him from pursuing what they believed to be a suicidal policy. Their views were summed up by a brother missionary, who called the day before Duff opened his school and said: "He feared that his coming to India would prove a curse instead of a blessing, and that he would fill Calcutta with rogues and vagabonds."

"'Impossible'! Reach down my diction-

ary, Sir, and turn to the word 'impossible'," said a somewhat choleric captain to a young lieutenant who had used this word in reference to a proposed evolution. The youth looked, and then said "It isn't in your dictionary, it's ruled out with red ink." No. Sir," said the captain, "it's not in my dictionary, or in the dictionary of any naval officer; such a word is not used in the Navy; carry out my instructions." And so it was with Alexander Duff. "Impossible" was not in his lexicon.

Friends in Need.

Though his scheme was received with disapprobation in Calcutta, Duff visited the most experienced missionary in India, William Carey, at Serampore, who cordially welcomed the young Scotsman, and, after listening to the plan which he had formed expressed his general approval of it. Before leaving, Duff said to Carey "You have good reason if ever man had to adopt the Apostle's words 'I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith.' You have done so much for Christ's cause." "No," replied the aged Carey in a voice weak from exhaustion; "that is too strong, but I have a good hope."

The only one in Calcutta who expressed anything like faith in the success of the

experiment, and whose help enabled the young missionary to begin his school, was a Brahman of high social position and influence, the Rajah Ram Mohun Roy, who had studied the leading religious systems in the original sources, and had become a believer in God, though he had not professed Christianity. "I met him twice or thrice every week in his house or mine. What made him draw more particularly to me was, that my system was one of religious instruction. If it had not been for him I could not then have begun." He procured for Duff a small hall in the Chitpore Road in the heart of the native city, and persuaded the parents to allow five pupils of the highest caste to attend the school.

For the next few days the school was besieged with eager applicants, "Me a good boy, oh take me," cried one, "Me a poor boy, oh take me," or "me want to read your good books, oh take me," said another. Perhaps one who knew a little more about English missionaries said, "Me know your commandments, 'Thou shalt not have any other gods before me'; oh take me." There was also heard the appeal, "Oh take me, and I pray for you."

When he had selected his pupils and made an attempt to arrange them in classes Duff asked them to come on 13th July. According to the Rajah's own suggestion he opened a school that day by repeating the Lord's Prayer in Bengalee, all the youths

standing. When, however, he put copies of the Gospels in Bengalee into the hands of those who could read it, one of the youths said "This is the Christian Shastre (sacred book). How then can we read it? It may make us Christians, and our friends will be angry and drive us out of caste"—the greatest disgrace for a Brahman. The Rajah, who was present, pointed out to the lad his mistake. He drew his attention to the fact that many Christians studied the sacred book of the Hindus in Sanskrit, but it had not made them Hindus. He had studied the Koran in Arabic, but that had not made him a Moslem. In this way, having calmed the fears of the pupils, he added that all they were asked to do was to judge for themselves. The appeal told; boys are proud to be trusted.

Had you seen Duff in the evening you would have found him busily translating the day's lesson into Bengalee, to help his memory as well as to gain familiarity in writing the language, and drawing up a review of each lesson which he carried with him for his own guidance. The boys, noting the trouble which he took to acquire their language in order to help them to learn English, were stimulated to greater exertions; it became a race between master and pupil. But at the outset, so low had the office of teacher of English, the language of the Mlecchas (or unclean), fallen in Calcutta, that six months passed before Duff could induce any Hindu to act as teacher or monitor for any pay.

Successes and Sorrows.

Take a look into one of the class rooms. The missionary is standing beside a board resting upon an upright frame, with a semi-circle of keen-eyed clever boys in front of him. He picks up a slip of wood, on which the letter O has been painted, and slips it into one of the parallel grooves that run across the board, at the same time pronouncing its name. When that letter has been mastered he slips in the letter X and pronounces it; when that letter, too, has been learnt he brings the two together, and says O-X, OX. He then gives the name of the animal which he has described, in Bengalee, their mother tongue, and the boys have begun to learn English. Follow these little fellows as they leave school that day. Soon they meet an ox pulling a native cart, whereupon they show off the English they have learnt by shouting in glee O-X—OX.

Some of the boys, not more than six or seven years old, proved apt scholars, for they learned the alphabet in two days, and with equal speed they put letters together into words, so that in a very short time they were able to read. Duff made it a rule, however, that only when they were able to read tolerably well their own Bengalee could they be allowed to begin English. For the Bengalee he secured an Indian teacher, but until the arrival of his colleagues from Scotland he had to teach all the English classes

himself. He went rapidly from one class to another, keeping them all in exercise, so that he never sat down, though this involved from five to six hours daily in that hot trying climate.

One day the lesson in general knowledge was about rain. "What causes rain?" he asked.

"Oh, it comes from the trunk of Indra's elephant upon which he rides through the clouds."

"How do you know?"

"Our Guru (Sacred teacher) told us the gods told him."

"Would you like to know what we are taught about rain?"

"Yes."

"Did you ever see a kettle boiling? What comes out of the spout?"

"Steam."

"And what is steam?"

"It is the vapour which the water gives off."

"If you look at the inside of the kettle lid, what happens to the steam when it touches it?"

"The lid becomes wet."

"In the same way if you hold a saucer before the spout in the steam the saucer becomes wet too. The steam is changed into water, it is condensed, and as the drops collect they fall back into the water. After the heavy rain has fallen, you see vapour rising from the ground, where does it go?"

"Into the air."

"And as the air is colder the vapour con-

denses, as the steam condensed on the saucer, and as soon as there is more vapour than the air can carry, the rain falls."

The boys understood the explanation, and saw that what they had been told was not true. They began to doubt their holy teacher.

One morning a scholar in great distress told Duff that on the previous day he had been compelled, from fear of offending parents and friends, to join in the Hindu ceremonies customary during an eclipse of the sun. "Why did you explain those things to us?" he said. "I had much pain, for your explanation is always in my mind, and I feel that I am now a hypocrite. Why did you explain them to us?"

In this way Duff devoted his time and strength, as he said, to the preparing of a mine which should one day explode and tear up the old system from its lowest depths.

A very well-known Independent missionary, when visiting a remote and obscure place forty miles from Calcutta, to preach there, was not a little surprised one morning when three young Hindus approached him, and one of them, addressing him in English, told the missionary that urgent business had brought him (the speaker) to that place. While there he met with these two neighbours and had been conversing with them in the effort to convince them of the superior claims of Christianity, for, said he, "The Bible is a good book and contains the only true religion." Having finished his business,

he was now obliged to return to Calcutta, but as he had heard of the missionary's arrival, he, though a perfect stranger, had brought his neighbours to the missionary, as they desired to hear more about Christianity. Astonished beyond measure, the missionary asked the speaker where he had received his knowledge of Christianity. "At Mr Duff's school," he replied. "Here," said the missionary when relating the incident to Duff, "was a young Hindu, quietly and unknown to his teacher, doing the work of a missionary." It fully convinced him of the good which might be effected by an efficient Christian school.

One lad called upon the missionary after the pupils had read in the class and heard the explanation of the passage "Love your enemies." In his own holy books, he said, he was taught, on divine authority, to curse his enemies. That lad became a Christian, a step which in those days needed more than human strength and courage.

Another lad who wished to acknowledge Christ had nowhere to go; he, therefore, came to the missionary's house, and a message was sent to let his father know. In answer the father came walking with downcast countenance and hands folded as if in agony. By and by he drew near, and in silence embraced his son's feet, looked up wistfully, tears trickling down his cheek, as he said in soft piercing tones, "My son!" The son could not help weeping also. The father, looking

up, said "My son! If you will not for my sake, why be so cruel to your mother who bore you, carried you on her breast, fed you with her own milk out of her own substance? Will you really, my son, be the murderer of your mother, for she has vowed that she will neither eat nor drink till she has set her eyes upon her darling son? Just come that she may look upon you for one moment. If you do not, she will die." The young man felt the strain so terribly that he fainted, murmuring, as he recovered consciousness, "Oh God have mercy upon me! Oh God, spare my reason!" Many a young convert faced this ordeal triumphantly.

As he received neither help nor encouragement from European residents and missionaries, Duff resolved to live in the native town, but no Hindu with any self-respect would let a house to one who ate beef. In the emergency, he heard of a house that no one would occupy because it was said to be haunted. In this house he lived with his wife and child till ill-health compelled him to seek healthier quarters. But what of Mrs Duff? One recalls Ruth's beautiful reply to Naomi, for the missionary's wife had made a similar choice and lived, without a murmur, a life of solitude during these days. It was of her that Duff's former colleague wrote when he heard of her death. "She was the best of wives and mothers, a loving and true help to her husband, the soother of his many pains and cares and sorrows, deeply interested

in his work and intensely solicitous for his honour. If not herself a missionary, she was heart and soul a missionary's wife."

About a year after the opening of the school a public examination of the pupils was held in the Freemasons' Hall, Archdeacon Corrie presiding. The audience was amazed when they heard high-caste Indian boys not only reading in English portions of the Bible, but readily, with accurate knowledge, answering questions on the doctrines and proofs of Christian faith and morals. This was the talk of Calcutta for some time, and Duff was received into favour by the other missionaries, who frankly acknowledged they had been wrong. So many visitors now called to see the school that Saturday was set apart for their reception, while the new system of missionary education was generally adopted throughout India.

Mrs DUFF

See page 40.

CHAPTER IV.

The Leaven Working.

One day a number of young Hindus met a Brahman, saluted him with apparent reverence, and proceeded to ask him, "What is the shape and size of the earth? How far away are the sun and the moon?" When, however, they questioned him about the Hindu gods, he realized that they were quizzing him, and in anger he openly cursed them. The lads, who were former students of the Government Hindu College, seemed to be enjoying the incident. What did it mean? Convinced that the teaching of the Shastres about physical science was demonstrably false, and as the Gurus claimed that the teaching was revealed directly from Heaven, they had ceased to believe in the Hindu religion, and, concluding that all religious instruction must be false, they became practically sceptics.

Their conduct caused the Government much anxiety, and strengthened those who had opposed Duff's plan for his school. He was not, however, surprised, for, while teaching Western knowledge inevitably destroyed belief in Hinduism, any reference to the Christian

faith was prohibited in Government schools. As long as boys are taught that to obtain Western education God must be ignored, they naturally become materialists, set aside the sanctions of morality, are a law unto themselves and become members of the don't care brotherhood which exists in all nations. Scolding would do no good, leaving them alone spelt disaster; what then was to be done? Duff, who understood and could sympathize, invited them to come to his house to see if he could help them in their difficulties. When they came, he asked them as students of logic whether they considered it sound reasoning to say "I know that such teaching is wrong when tested by satisfactory evidence, and I, therefore, reject another subject which I have not studied." "Well," they answered, "we do not think it is."

Twelve of them thereupon agreed to attend the opening lecture of a course which he arranged with other missionaries; but the commotion caused by their attending the first lecture prevented the delivery of any other lectures of the course. The authorities of the Hindu College threatened to expel any students who in future went to hear such lectures. The more advanced students resented this as interfering with their liberty, but arranged debating societies upon the forbidden subjects in their own homes, having asked Duff to be present so that he might present the Christian side. From forty to

sixty attended—some earnest seekers who became Christians, with others who were proud, forward, rude, boisterous, and often grossly insulting. Duff also lectured on one of the Gospels on Sunday evenings in a bungalow chapel, situated in one of the squares of the native city, and during the second year, when he lectured on Christianity and Hinduism, the place was crowded.

Young Converts.

One of the Hindus who attended the second course of lectures was Gopee Nath Nundi. He was baptized in 1832, refused a government appointment, became a Christian minister, and during the Mutiny of 1857 he was in the greatest danger at the hands of the mutineers, because of his refusal to join them, until he was rescued by British troops. When Duff was at home, at one of the meetings in Exeter Hall a clergyman handed to him the journal of a godly British officer in India. In it the officer had written that he had despaired of seeing a vivid manifestation of real piety among the apathetic sons of India, but that he had no doubt whatever left on his mind that the religion of Gopee Nath was a heart religion.

As child marriage was the custom in India, one of the scholars, eager to confess Christ, wished to persuade his wife, to whom he was married when ten years old, to leave Hinduism

with him. At odd hours, and very often when the rest of the household was asleep, they studied the Scriptures together. The husband taught the wife to read "The Pilgrim's Progress" in Bengalee, a gift from another convert. One night when reading the story of Christian fleeing from the City of Destruction, the wife exclaimed "Is not this exactly our condition? Are we not lingering in the City of Destruction? Is it not our duty to act like Christians, to arise, forsake all, and flee for our lives?" The two accordingly came to Mr Duff's house. This action caused a great uproar, which almost led to violence, but no persuasion, which the missionary freely allowed the relatives to use, could shake the resolution of the converts. The relatives then appealed to law, claiming that as the youth was under age, he should be restored to them, but, as he was proved to be really eighteen years of age, their efforts failed.

It is a well-known fact that even in games all the members on a given side must work unitedly as a team or that side is likely to lose the game. There is an old Greek story of a father who wished to teach his sons this lesson. He took a number of rods tied in a bundle, and asked them to break the bundle. They failed to do this, although they could easily have broken each rod taken separately. For the purpose of united Christian effort, therefore, Duff submitted to a weekly conference of missionaries in Calcutta a plan for a central institution, to be supported by

all the societies, where their best vernacular pupils would receive the highest Christian education to fit them for carrying the Gospel to their own people in their mother tongue. All the missionaries cordially supported the proposal, but in the homeland the scheme was rejected as impracticable. Duff, who hoped to live to see it carried through, was in later days greatly cheered by the practical illustration of his idea in the Madras Christian College, which embodied the life work of one of the greatest missionaries Scotland ever sent to India, William Miller.

As if he had not more than enough on his hands, a fresh call came for Duff's services. The chaplain of the Scottish congregation in Calcutta, finding himself obliged to leave Calcutta because of his wife's health, his colleagues also being absent on sick leave, asked Duff to take charge of the work until a successor was appointed, left Calcutta and sent a letter from the ship to inform Duff. The suggestion was actually made by some that he should allow himself to be nominated as successor to the chaplain, but as the act might be regarded as an inglorious abandonment of the cause which he had engaged to promote and the cause would suffer, Duff would not listen to such a proposal. There were, however, urgent reasons known to the missionary which led him to add the chaplain's work to his own, and he had sole charge of the Scottish congregation for a whole year.

Surprises for Visitors.

One morning a surprise visit was paid to Mr Duff's school by members of a Committee appointed by the Governor-General, to enquire whether a medical school could be founded in Calcutta. The members of the deputation, who examined the senior class very carefully, were amazed to find the high-caste youths so free from prejudices as to be willing to attend a medical school.

"What! would you actually touch a dead body to study anatomy?"

"Most certainly," replied the head youth, a high-caste Brahman. "I for one would have no scruples in the matter. It is all prejudice, the old stupid prejudice of caste, of which I at least have got rid." By these different ways the campaign was carried on against error.

In addition to all his more directly spiritual work Duff took every opportunity to advance the material welfare of the people. With this end he joined the Agricultural Society of Calcutta, and with earnestness followed its work of enlightening the peasantry which form so large a proportion of the population.

Just before he left Calcutta, Duff took a visitor to the Institution and gave him permission to examine all the classes. When he had done this Duff called him into another room, where the senior class of some fifteen youths was, and said: "Ask them

any question you please in general learning." Delighted beyond measure with the answers he received the visitor then examined the lads in religious knowledge, and was so carried away that he broke into an impassioned address, which riveted their attention, tears shining in the eyes of one boy whose shoulders still bore the sacred Brahmanical thread. "How is this?" exclaimed the visitor, "I feel, I cannot but feel, that every word is finding its way within. I feel as if I could empty the whole of my soul into theirs. How is this?" The missionary, turning round, opened the door which disclosed the busy scene in the large hall. "There," said he, pointing to the class which was learning the Alphabet, "there is the true explanation, the real source and origin of what has transported your soul. The teaching which followed the Alphabet gradually broke the barrier between teacher and scholar. And tell me now, do tell me candidly, if it was not worth while to begin so low in order to end so high." "I frankly confess to you," the visitor replied, "that I left England an avowed enemy to education in connection with missions in any shape or form, but I now tell you from what I have seen to-day that I shall feel hence forward at liberty to avow myself its friend and advocate." The visitor was Anthony Groves, who afterwards founded the Plymouth Brethren.

The strain of all these labours was more than the strongest human frame could bear in

the climate of India, so that after passing through three severe illnesses in ten months, Duff was, as a last resource, carried on board ship in an almost dying condition to make the voyage home to Scotland. He landed at Greenock in December 1834, and, to his great delight, in keen frosty weather.

CHAPTER V.

Busy Rest.

When he reached Edinburgh, Mr Duff called on Dr Chalmers, who, however, though glad to see him, gave him a severe reproof for neglecting to wear warm chothing : "Oh, Sir," the Dr said in surprise, "where is your cloak?" "I have not had time as yet to get one." "But, Sir, that will never do. You see it is now cold and frosty. You are from a hot climate, and yet I see that you are as thinly clad as though you were still in India. You must go at once to a tailor and get a cloak or a greatcoat or both, and let me not see your face till you have one or other."

Duff soon found that while the frost of nature braced the body, the frosty indifference of the Church towards its own mission was sadly chilling to the spirit. He landed at a time when the country was greatly disturbed by a general election, and the India Mission was of less importance than the question of which party would win in the Election. He could scarcely get a hearing.

The Missionary at Bay.

In these circumstances, a curious collision took place between Duff and the Foreign Mission Committee of the Church. Duff had consented to address a few people who were in the habit of meeting in a friend's house on behalf of Missions. This had been known, and the room was crowded. At first he declined to speak, on the ground that he had been taken advantage of, but he gave way on being assured that the promoters of the meeting were in no way responsible for the unexpectedly large attendance. Some days afterwards Duff was summoned by the Mission Committee to explain why, in the excited state of the country, he had taken such an irregular and unwise step as addressing a meeting without first obtaining the Committee's sanction! When the meeting was held the Convener asked the Committee to draw up rules for the guidance of their responsible but too zealous agent. Duff thereupon rose and claimed for himself full discretion in deciding how he could best awaken the Church's interest in his work, adding that if the Committee could not see their way to grant his request he must then and there resign his commission as their agent. The members of the Committee rose, seized their coats and hats in silence, and speedily left Duff and the Convener alone looking at each other in a sort of dumb amazement. The missionary then remarked

that for that day they had probably had enough on this subject, but that he would come back on any day and at any hour the Convener might name. Shortly afterwards the Convener made the *amende honorable*, and there the matter ended.

Another element of discouragement to the missionary was his realization that the subject of India seemed to be strangely unattractive. Lord William Bentinck, lately Governor-General of India, wrote :—" I have had ample reason to know the inexcusable indifference and apathy that generally prevail respecting all matters connected with India, yet, even with this experience, I was not prepared for the feelings almost of dislike with which any mention of India is received." He was appalled, too, by the desperate and almost inconceivable ignorance of India which led a distinguished student to ask him in what part of Canada Calcutta was !

Roused to Action.

But this cold reception, so far from being a check, acted upon the highlander like the touch of a spur upon a mettled horse, for it stimulated him to run many serious risks in making those efforts which roused the whole Church. Though still far from well, he made the journey to London in answer to a pressing invitation, and, by doing so, gained a minister who had been strongly opposed to his method and against his being invited to London.

Now convinced by Duff's appeal, the minister resigned his charge, and became a colleague in Calcutta. But the price had to be paid, and for three weeks fever and ague attacked Duff and confined him to bed. Then, weak though he was, he rose and made the journey to Edinburgh to address the General Assembly. This was in May 1835.

When he started to speak in the Assembly few expected him to detain them long, but his obvious weakness impressed his hearers with his sincerity and helped to produce a favourable impression, while he testified afterwards that the divine promise of strength sustained him. So thoroughly was he impressed by his subject that he quite forgot where he was, and continued to thrill his audience, who were "absorbed in one feeling, exquisite even to pain" till he sank down exhausted and drenched with perspiration. "A noble burst of enthusiastic appeal which made grey-headed pastors weep like children and dissolved half the Assembly in tears." Dr Gordon then led the Assembly in prayer, and the Assembly passed an Act instructing the smaller Church Courts to hold meetings in order to hear Mr Duff.

A Whirlwind Campaign.

In pursuance of this object, after a shor rest at the old mansion house of Edradour, near Pitlochry—which by the advice of friends he had leased—though feeling the need of

further rest, Duff began what must have been a labour of Hercules, without his strength, to visit the Church Courts throughout Scotland. His Assembly speech made people eager to hear him, though the laudatory public press notices of his work were not to his fancy. On one occasion he wrote to his wife : " I sent you a paper last week to furnish a specimen of the sort of blarney with which I am doomed from time to time to be bespattered. It is a hard thing a man cannot be allowed to do his duty without being subjected to such extravagance of eulogy as would, if really believed by him to be deserved, wholly upset the balance of his mind, and thereby unfit him for the discharge of duty at all." And again he wrote : " If I know anything of my own heart, I do not think I feel one more jot elated by public honours and approbation than I would be if concealed from public gaze unhonoured and unknown."

Fruitful Appeals.

It was said that two sermons preached by Dr Andrew Thomson, St George's Parish Church, Edinburgh, affected in a very marked degree the attendance at the Theatre Royal in Edinburgh ; and we find that during this tour of Duff a sermon preached in Inverness by the missionary had a somewhat similar effect. When asked to preach, and without knowing the circumstances of the town, he chose a sermon on worldly conformity which

he had written and preached in Calcutta. "On Monday and Tuesday," he wrote to Mrs Duff, "appreciations without end were made from all quarters urging and beseeching me to let the sermon be published. Many used the strong language that it seemed to them 'like a voice from Heaven.' Yesterday I was credibly informed that a party of players that had been bewitching the people of Inverness for some time previous were preparing for their departure, as they had been fairly preached down on Sunday."

The last Mission which Mr (then Dr) Duff was called in later life to superintend owed its foundation to a speech delivered by him during this campaign in Stranraer, in 1837. Dr Symington, the Cameronian minister, in that town, heard this address, and was so deeply impressed that at once he formed a Juvenile Missionary Society in his own congregation, and helped at a later date to found the New Hebrides Mission of his Church, which joined the Free Church in 1876.

The Mission so absorbed the missionary's attention while making these journeys that he does not seem to have been careful about his health, for he wrote to Mrs Duff that, during the boisterous weather in October, one minister's wife, "having noticed his thin stockings, insisted on his taking two pairs of her husband's thick worsted ones." This reference brought in reply an appeal to be more careful when travelling about "for the sake of his wife and children." In

acknowledging the letter, Dr Duff also acknowledged "the home thrust."

Endeavours were often made to draw Duff into the political controversy which was then agitating the Church, but without success, for, though he acknowledged he could do it so far as his convictions were concerned, he felt it would spoil the Mission, and he would not dare on that account.

All through this tour, his letters reveal, his heart was ever in his home. The return of spring drew from him this message to his daughter, "R. will enjoy the daisies." On another occasion he wrote, "I hope that A. has not got worse—and that R. tries to supply my place, that she reads her lessons regularly —stays upstairs and is attentive to you. I depend upon her keeping her word to me— I hope she will not disappoint me." At another time he wrote: "Wearied and worn out, I sigh for repose. Lonely often in the midst of the busiest throng, I long for the society of my beloved wife and little ones. Nothing but an overwhelming sense of duty to God could reconcile me to the long separation."

After leaving Inverness the missionary had intended visiting all the parishes in the North of Scotland, but he was detained for three weeks in bed at Tain by a severe attack of fever and ague. When somewhat better he drove nearly a hundred miles to visit Tongue, passing from that place to Thurso and Wick, then, utterly exhausted by his six months'

travelling and speaking, he returned to Edradour.

Some Contrasts.

Zealously anticipating St. Andrews and the other Universities, Marischal College, Aberdeen, had hardly met for the Autumn Session of 1835 when it honoured itself and surprised the young divine, still under thirty, by presenting him with the Diploma of Doctor of Divinity. The bestowal of this honorary degree—to none more unexpected than to Alexander Duff—signalized fittingly the great work done by the missionary, and added to the many notable features of a campaign which was to become historic.

After he had concluded the visitation of churches and church courts through Scotland, Dr Duff could say that only on one occasion had he received anything but cordiality. When he called on a certain parish minister whom he knew to be hostile to the missionary cause, he was met with anger and scorn. "Are you the fanatic Duff, who has been going about the country beguiling and deceiving people by what they choose to call 'missions to the heathen?' I don't want to see you or any of your description. I want no Indian snake brought in among my people to poison their minds on such subjects; so, as I don't want to see you, the sooner you make off the better." In this case, while a soft answer did not turn away wrath, the harsh tones in which the minister addressed

the missionary were so loud that all he said was heard by those who were in the street, and in consequence greater interest was aroused towards Duff and his work. In referring to the incident Duff wrote :—" From my soul I have forgiven him, and were it to answer any good purpose I would hasten to—— to help him out of the dilemma into which he has brought himself."

A striking contrast is supplied by the account of an address given in Perth, and on a week day in 1836. When all was over, the missionary sank back exhausted and had to rest half-way down the pulpit stairs. One at least of the young people who that day were breathless listeners " had to shelter in bed on returning home to hide the marks of weeping, ready to join on the morrow in the project of a school companion whose emotions had taken the practical shape of a penny a week subscription."

In the spring of the following year Dr Duff spoke at a meeting of the Church Missionary Society in Exeter Hall, London, and in a letter to his wife he wrote :—

" My remarks were repeatedly interrupted by cheers, and after speaking for half an hour and ten minutes I sat down amid *three* rounds of cheers. This I state merely to you—simply to show you that, through the blessing of God, I was privileged to carry the attention and the sympathy of the great audience along with me. To God be the praise and the glory."

Do you remember the old Missionary who

described himself as "set apart for the gospel of God," and who said "Of myself I will not glory."? That was exactly Duff's spirit. We find in a book once popular, called "Confessions," this answer by him to the question: "If not yourself, who would you be?":—"Of all merely human beings, I would be Paul."

About this time offensive and unjustifiable references to Dr Duff's name were published in one of the leading London journals, and though he was exceedingly annoyed he declined to take any notice of them, lest by so doing an undue importance might be attached to them. All his life he practised the lesson which he explained to the enquirer who called on him in the early days of his work in Calcutta:—"To give as good as you get is sometimes said to be the true way to show one's self-respect; enduring, when no principle is involved, is better." As he said, "If I make up my mind for a great principle based on the Bible, I don't care for all the Emperors in the world." Again he wrote: "It is our part to act as for God—looking to Him for a recompense, and leaving men to think, say, or do as they please."

During one of his visits to London he wrote to his colleague in Calcutta: "I now understand the mystery of Providence in sending me from India. What between politics, and fierce voluntaryism, *our* cause was well nigh being entirely engulfed in oblivion. *At first*, I could scarcely get from anyone or in any place a patient hearing.

Now, if I had a thousand tongues, they might simultaneously be raised in a thousand pulpits.

Some Tempting Offers.

As idleness for such an intense and highly strung temperament would have been intolerable, Duff occupied his time drafting, out of the many lectures and addresses which he had given, his book entitled "India and India Missions." So strong was the interest aroused by his efforts that while at home on three occasions he was invited to become the minister of a church. One of these calls came from the Earl of Fife, who made the offer because Dr Duff was one of his own clan, adding: "I wish we could keep that man in this country—he is not fit to return to India." As an inducement the Earl suggested that Dr Duff's acceptance of the living of Marnoch would help to avert the impending crisis in the Church, which ended in the Disruption. Duff felt that if he could find reason for believing that conclusion, he would be fairly staggered as to the path of duty; but he respectfully declined the offer. How different the history of missions would have been had he accepted!

With regard to the other offers, he recognized the honour done him, but he refused them, not because he was tired of his native land, or had any exaggerated estimate or ambitious longings after the pomp and luxuries of the East. "No; dire experience

constrains me to say," he wrote, "that for the enjoyment of real personal comfort, I would rather, infinitely rather, be the occupant of the poorest hut, with its homeliest fare, in the coldest and bleakest cleft that flanks the sides of Schehallion or Ben Nevis, than be the possessor of the stateliest palace with its royal appurtenances, in the plains of Bengal. I would therefore go, not because I love Scotland less, but because I humbly and devoutly trust that, through the aid of divine grace, I have been led to love my God and Saviour and the universal extension of His blessed cause on earth more."

Before Duff left the homeland to return to India, some of his friends desired to entertain him to a farewell dinner. To this proposal he demurred; dinners with their frothy speechifying were never congenial to him. He suggested as an alternative that there should be a religious service with a farewell address by Dr Chalmers, and to his great delight this idea met with approval and was carried out.

Dr and Mrs Duff on going back to India had to leave their children behind them. The keen suffering of the parting led him to write this tribute to Mrs Duff; "How gracious our heavenly Father to give me a helpmeet so kind, so judicious, one who, while ministering to the wants of the body, can enter into the joys and sorrows of the soul. How much does this tend to lighten affliction, to lighten trials, and disburden the woes of life."

CHAPTER VI.

At the Front Again.

As the new route to India by Egypt and the Red Sea (though scouted as an idle vision when suggested by Waghorne) was now open, the Duff's travelled overland to Egypt, where the missionary took part in the laying of the foundation stone of a Protestant Church in Alexandria, upon a piece of ground which was a parting gift from Mehemet Ali to the retiring consul to be used for any purpose he might choose.

It is hardly possible to-day to understand the change made by the new route. In one of his lectures Dr Duff spoke of it. "About a quarter of a century ago," he said, "we felt almost isolated from Europe, and at an awful distance by sea, fifteen thousand miles from home, while the passage by the Red Sea—now that passage, regularly accomplished once every week, has shortened the distance from home to a fourth of what it was before—has removed the feeling and the fact of former isolation."

As there was little chance of being able to sail from Suez for a month, Duff joined a party in Cairo which had been made up to

visit Sinai. On the morning after they left Cairo, a Madras civilian caused great amusement to the rest of the party, by shouting loudly about 4 a.m. for a gridiron to cook a chop for breakfast! A little later he insisted upon the party halting for luncheon in the shadow of a rock, as the heat at mid-day was very trying. Then next morning the discomfort of a dust storm made him demand a bath! When the Sheikh who led the party understood what the man was shouting for, he stooped down, then rubbing his hands and whisking his beard with the sand, said, looking steadily at the grumbler, "That, sir, is the water of the desert," and with a look of supreme contempt turned away.

On Mount Sinai.

When they reached Suez only Dr Duff decided to go on. This his friends would not allow him to do, in spite of his warning that no document was as good as the Sheikh's word, until they had taken the Sheikh before the Vice-Consul to get him to sign a document that guaranteed the missionary's safe return. When the matter was explained to him, the Sheikh bared his neck and drawing his dirk several times across it said: "Sir, if I don't bring back this man alive with his head on him, I hereby pledge my word of honour to put my dirk in your hands to cut off my own head at once." Towards Saturday evening the party approached Sinai, and Duff, who

when a boy wondered where Schehallion or any mountain began, realised how Moses could prevent even a beast from touching the mountain, for it rose in a sheer precipice from the plain. He spent Sunday on the top of the mountain, from which place he wrote some letters, among them one to his father, which is well worth quoting :—

"Top of Mount Sinai,"
Sunday Morning,
12*th January* 1840.

"My Dear Father,—Here I am actually on the top of Mount Sinai, where Jehovah, amid thunders and lightning, delivered the Law to Moses. And I write a few lines to you from this amazing place to prove that, wherever I am, I cannot forget yourself and mother and other friends. This is written merely to assure you that through God's blessing, I am not only well, but really in better health than when I left home. I never was in better health than I am at this moment. My journeyings have done me much good. Oh that the soul were to profit equally! And yet in this respect there is reason to rejoice.

"In the land of Egypt, the house of bondage, there is much to remind us of our Bibles. My dear partner and myself have been privileged to sail along the water and walk along the banks of the Nile—that river on which once floated the infant Moses in his

ark of bulrushes—those very banks on which the daughter of Pharoah walked when she saved the future law-giver of Israel.

"Leaving my dear partner at Cairo, the modern capital of Egypt, I journeyed on, through Succoth-Etham, on the edge of the wilderness Piliahiroth, to the very spot on the Red Sea where the Israelites were entangled and shut in—unable to escape, rocks on the right hand and on the left—the sea before them, and a furious army behind. There the sea was miraculously divided to afford them a safe passage.

"From Cairo to the Red Sea I had five Christian friends as companions. At the Red Sea one got unwell, and the others wearied of the great and terrible wilderness. So I went round the head of the Red Sea alone, with a few camels and dromedaries and a small company of Bedouin Arabs, who are the genuine descendants of Ishmael. I rode on a dromedary. A camel carried my tent, another camel carried provisions and water—for nothing to eat or drink can be had in the 'terrible desert.' At night my tent was spread out, and the mattress was spread down on the barren sand, and there I slept as soundly as if I were in a snug room and warm bed in a city. It was very hot at times, but I rather like dry heat.

"Scarcely any living creature can be seen in the desert. It is a never-ending surface of drifting sand, and mounds of bare stones, and masses of naked rocks—the most awful

spectacle I ever witnessed. No wonder that the Israelites who were weak in the faith murmured. It was quite natural for flesh and blood to murmur, but very wrong in a people for whom the Lord had done such marvellous things, and who had given such amazing proofs of His Almighty power and goodness and grace.

" I stood on the opposite shore of the Red Sea, where Moses sang his great song of deliverance. There I read it too. I went on and came to the fountain of Marah. I tasted the water. It is still bitter, so bitter that, though hot and thirsty, I could not drink it. I then came to Elim, where there are still some palm trees and wells of water. I next reached the spot where the Israelites again encamped on the shore of the Red Sea.

" And, last of all, I have reached the great Sinai. On the top of it I have read the 19th and 20th chapters of Exodus. I never had such a pulpit before—for it was the pulpit chosen by Jehovah Himself, from which He thundered forth the Law in the ears of the children of Israel, and, through them, to all generations of mankind. Oh that that Law may prove schoolmaster to bring us all to Christ! For, having stood on the top of Sinai, I seem to feel more then ever the necessity of fleeing to the Cross of Calvary. From the nakedness of this wilderness of rugged rocks I do feel the necessity of fleeing to the covert of the Redeemer's righteousness, the Redeemer, the Rock of Ages.

"Having many letters to write, you must excuse my brevity. I am sitting on the naked granite peak of Sinai. My knee is my table. May the Lord bless and protect you and my dear mother and other friends——Remember me also to Mr and Mrs Campbell, Moulin Manse.

"How is poor Moulin getting on? Is there a revival among you? Oh for an outpouring of God's spirit—a shower of grace—to descend amongst you all!"

The reference to the Manse of Moulin in this letter is peculiarly interesting. One specially well-known and beloved son of that Manse in later days was the Rev. Duncan Campbell, whose first charge was the Parish of Keig, in Aberdeenshire, who was afterwards minister of Grahamston, in Stirlingshire, went thence to the M'All Mission in Paris, was in the early "eighties" called to be minister of Rosemount in Aberdeen, and in his closing years was pastor of St. Matthew's Morningside, Edinburgh.

On the Sinai trip Dr Duff saw only three gazelles, and once three black crows. The only mishap occurred during the return journey. In his eagerness to press on, the missionary, by continued proddings, irritated the camel he rode, and he was in consequence thrown off. He was not hurt, however, and on recovering from the temporary effects of being stunned he found the animal standing beside and gazing intently at him.

On the day following his return from Sinai,

the Bombay steamer arrived, and the waiting passengers at once went on board to secure berths. This Duff would not do as it was Sunday, though he and his wife might thereby be detained for a month. But the purser of the steamer, to whom Dr Duff was known, respecting the missionary's principles, advanced the passage money and secured for them the best cabin on the ship.

On his arrival at Bombay, Duff met Dr Wilson and his colleagues, whose school was suffering, as Duff's had suffered, by the conversion of two of their scholars, who belonged to the Parsees or fire worshippers. From Bombay he visited Poona, being greatly impressed by the beauty of the Ghauts. "The view from the summit," he wrote, "is so extensive and magnificent as to mock alike the sketchings of the pen and the delineation of the pencil yet," he adds, "if I had my choice, or, if I could reconcile it to a sense of duty, I would greatly prefer the vale of Athole to the richest valley in India."

A Work of the Gods.

The railway system, built at a later date, had an effect upon some of the people which the engineers had not forseen. Some in Bombay remarked that the great tunnel dug through the hill by the skill of the Mlecchas (unclean) engineers is a more marvellous achievement than the excavating out of the side of the hill of the Salsetta and Elephanta

temples, near Bombay ; work to which gods or demigods were ordinarily regarded as equal ; while some of the most incredulous Brahmans in Bengal had been seen knocking their heads in a sort of agony and exclaiming at the sight of a train as it moved along, that Indra himself, the god of the firmament, had no such carriage as that.

At Karli, Dr Duff visited the temples where the Brahman who lived at the base of the hill went up each day to wash and clothe the image. The British Government, instead of the revenue of two villages which had supported the temple, paid six hundred rupees for musicians to play to the goddess, and one hundred and fifty rupees to the head Brahman to wash and clothe her.

It was on this occasion that Duff paid a visit which aroused the deepest emotion to the tomb of that noble servant of Christ, Rev. D. Mitchell, at one time an officer in the E.I. Coy's service, and afterwards, like himself, an ordained minister of the Church of Scotland, one of his predecessors in Missionary effort (at Bombay) in India.

From Bombay Dr and Mrs Duff sailed to Madras, and as they coasted along the missionary noticed with deep interest the strongholds of Angria, the pirate, whose depredations caused such endless trouble to the Company, only traders in those early days, and compelled them to become a military power. At Mangalore Duff met the German missionary, Hebich, and found

in him a kindred spirit. Anderson (raised from a sick bed by reading extracts of Dr Duff's first Assembly address), and his colleagues welcomed Duff to Madras. When Duff visited the School (now the Madras Christian College), such was the impression made by his address that some of the scholars came to see him off, one of them bidding him adieu with the words "May God spare and bless you to enlighten my countrymen."

When sailing from Madras, the party were caught in a cyclone which nearly blew the ship ashore, and then blew it again out to sea. During the storm, and in spite of the howling of the wind and the lashing of the waters, a parrot, the property of one of the passengers was heard during pauses in the storm screaming out :

> "There's nae luck aboot the hoose,
> When our gudeman's awa."

Transformation Scenes.

Though detained by the storm, the Duffs reached Calcutta in time for evening service, and rejoined their colleagues in the house of God. Dr Duff had been absent from Calcutta for five years, and on making his way to the church he was greatly cheered by noticing one of the results of the examination, by Lord Bentinck's committee, of his senior class about dissecting a dead body. This was a sign-board bearing the name and designation

"Ram Lochun Sen & Co., Surgeons and Druggists," "a conquest over one of the most inveterate of Hindu prejudices." A little further on he came upon a handsome Christian Church with parsonage adjoining, whose pastor was Rev. Krishna Mohun Bannerjea, one of the converts baptized by him, and afterwards ordained by the Bishop of Calcutta. He rejoiced to see a beginning made of the purpose which he always had in view of raising a number of Indian Christian pastors, who, from familiarity with the "thought idiom" and language of their own people, would not make the mistakes in the vernacular which a European might do. On one occasion an earnest missionary was surprised to notice one of his audience smiling during his address, and on asking him afterwards why he had smiled, received the startling reply that owing to a slight mispronunciation the speaker had been expounding the virtues of a celebrated potato!

Dr Duff also visited the New Institution and Mission House in Cornwallis Square, which had been built during his absence. Let us accompany him to the Institution. As he enters he is received with a hearty welcome from the six or seven hundred pupils. What a change from the day when he opened the school with five pupils! Then the most advanced pupils could only manage to spell English words of two syllables, without understanding their meaning; now those of them who were still in the Institution were

ready to face an examination in general English literature or Christian theology. In order still further to prepare them for their life's work, Duff was not content with giving instruction in the Institution, but he took the young converts who were being trained for the ministry into the highways and byways, where they were urged to give their testimony. They were thus brought face to face with realities, as they acknowledged, with great benefit to themselves, for by endeavouring to teach we learn. On one of these occasions Duff and Mahendra, one of the converts, took up their position on the steps of a large temple at Culna, which lies to the north of Calcutta, and conversed for some time with the Brahmans. A crowd soon gathered and listened while Dr Duff spoke, but soon resented some questions which Mahendra asked.

"What! Shall we give ear to the words of a poor ignorant boy?"

"Well," he replied, "as I am only asking some questions, would it not be kind of you to pity my ignorance and enlighten me?"

The sincerity and humility of this reply so far quieted them that they listened to his address.

The incident confirmed Duff in his opinion that the only way to win India was by means of an educated Indian ministry.

CHAPTER VII.

The Disruption.

In 1843, when many ministers and members left the Church of Scotland, some surrendering their homes and livelihood, at the bidding of conscience and formed the Free Church of Scotland, the missionaries in Calcutta at once joined the Free Church, and made the same sacrifice. As the home committee, in their capacity as trustees for the Church of Scotland, claimed all the buildings and furnishings in the Institution, the missionaries resolved not to challenge the claim and offer the heathen the sight of a legal dispute, and in consequence they lost everything. To Duff the position was very grievous, yet, though a man of quick impulse, who expressed strongly what he felt strongly, he tried to be forbearing through it all, and, when he was told of some evil speaking about himself, replied: "I leave the cause with God; He alone can interpret motives aright." The shyness he felt towards the new representative of the Church of Scotland, who took over the buildings and apparatus, soon passed, and they became quite friendly.

The Missionaries having gone so far in what they believed to be the path of duty, the way opened for their further advance.

For the second time, through the kindness of an Indian gentleman, they secured a house in the native city, and re-opened their Institution. What a glorious surprise it was to do this with the same missionaries, the same staff of teachers and monitors, the same converts and more than a thousand pupils! It is very pleasant to record that the two Institutions are now united and known as the Scottish Churches College.

As the rural mission at Ghospera on the Hoogly to the north of Calcutta now passed to the Church of Scotland, in order to avoid the appearance of rivalry, the Free Church opened a station on the other side of the river. The money for this station came from the well-known Major Outram, who wrote and asked the doctor to recommend a scheme to which he could contribute. The Major on hearing from Dr Duff at once sent the balance of his share of the prize money which he received when Scinde was conquered; he would not use for his own personal advantage what he held to be blood money. This officer, whose courage (which rose almost to madness) and character obtained for him the title "The Bayard of the Indian Army," at a later date paid a visit to the Free Church Institution, but stipulated that he should not be asked to make a speech!

From all sides, Hindu, as well as Christian Anglican, Congregational, and Presbyterian, in America no less than in Asia and Europe, came expressions and proofs of indignant

sympathy, while all the Protestant missionaries in Calcutta, though they differed on the merits of the Disruption question, united in a request that Dr Duff and his colleagues should continue to work in Calcutta. Duff received a gift of money from an unknown friend and his two sisters in America, who had been deeply impressed by the missionary's sacrifice. This money he resolved to share with Bombay and Madras. The Madras missionaries, however, as they considered the local circumstances made Calcutta more exigent, returned the money with the message, "Give us your prayers and keep the money; we have enough, my brother. What is that between thee and us?"

About this time four of the catechists were licensed to preach the Gospel, which cheered Dr Duff's heart greatly, and so deeply was the home Church stirred by these results in Calcutta and elsewhere that a pastoral letter from the General Assembly was sent to all the missionaries. After the letter was read, the Bengalee Church was formally organised on 1st October 1848, the fruit of seventeen years' work, and the year closed with the jubilee of the C.M.S., Dr Duff side by side with Bishop Wilson. Next year Duff agreed to co-operate in starting a first-rate Quarterly Review for India, provided "nothing hostile to Christianity or Christian subjects appeared in it, and that clear statements are made when necessary as to

sound Christianity and its propagation by missionaries in India."

When Kaye left India he handed over the Editorship of the *Calcutta Review* to Dr Duff, which he held for some years. Duff accepted this additional burden because he regarded the work as calculated, in many important ways, to promote the vital interests of India, and therefore complementary to his more direct missionary work. He refused any remuneration himself, but accepted five hundred rupees a year for scholarships and prizes.

CHAPTER VIII.

Hinduism in Danger.

The increasing number of converts who were baptized shortly after Dr Duff's return was a splendid testimony to the valuable work of his colleagues during his absence and to the fact that the system had life in itself, but it raised the very important question :—How were the converts to make a livelihood? The loss of caste is the most dreadful ill that can befall a Hindu, and it inevitably follows baptism. His kindred, however much he may continue to love them, desert him ; it is abomination to eat with him, even to speak to him. The hand is accursed that ministers to him. He is avoided as if plague-stricken. His only refuge is a solitary, friendless and uncomfortable death amid the scoffs and revilings of his fellows. Until their number made this impracticable, the converts lived with the missionaries. In order, however, to relieve the missionaries of this burden twelve British merchants and officials in Calcutta, nine being members of the Church of England, sent Dr Duff £1000 to build a home for the converts, while in the church a special

collection was made each year for their support, until, as tutors in some families, they could earn their own living.

In the alarm which these conversions caused, one lad was removed from the missionaries' house to which he had gone, and kept chained at home. At first force was used but in vain to make him change, but when that failed the attempt was made to tempt him to sin, and so become unworthy to make Christian profession. This would not prevent his continuing to be a consistent Hindu, for, as one of their own people has said, "A Hindu sins religiously." It was all in vain, however; the place of the convert's captivity was discovered, and with the aid of the law he was rescued, baptized, and lived an earnest Christian life.

Another lad who had been removed from the Institution for the same reason, but who never forgot what he had learnt, could hold out no longer, and, six years after this occurred, made profession and was baptized. The Hindu community was now thoroughly roused and resolved to start an Institution for the teaching of English and Western science on purely secular grounds. The result of such teaching would surely result, as has been seen, in disbelief in Hinduism or any religion. Two years later a Hindu society was formed to prevent anyone belonging to any caste, sect, or party from educating his son or ward at any of the missionary Institutions in Calcutta under

pain of ex-communication. Even threats of violence towards Dr Duff were soon suggested. Still the work went on.

Invitations from Home.

When Dr Chalmers died, Dr Duff was deeply exercised by a proposal made by the Church at home that he should leave Calcutta and become Principal of the Free Church College in Edinburgh. He fully appreciated and acknowledged the honour conferred upon him. That men of the world would regard this offer as contemplated elevation or promotion he recognised, but he was saddened beyond measure by the receipt of letters of congratulation from friends. As he considered the claims of the mission field were supreme, he asked to be allowed to magnify his office by remaining a missionary to the heathen. For the sake of the heathen, and "especially the people of India, let me cling all my days to the missionary cause." When the proposal became known in Calcutta, evidence of the changed regard for him was strikingly manifested. He, who had been told before that his coming to India would prove a curse, was now assured by colleagues, other missionaries and friends, and by the Eurasian community that his leaving Calcutta would be a public calamity. His own converts implored him to stay. Hindu students and ex-students urged him not to leave them, and, most striking of all, a

remonstrance to the people of Scotland from twelve learned Brahmans, written in Sanskrit, deplored the loss to education and to the community which his leaving Calcutta would involve.

Though he declined the Edinburgh Principalship, Dr Duff willingly accepted the invitation to come home and rouse the Church again, for he was tired and very badly needed rest, for, as he wrote to the Convener of the Foreign Mission Committee in Edinburgh, "work of this sort, which was once my delight, is far too much for me now. One hour of it now tells on my frame more than six hours were wont to do when I first landed on these shores." But however wearied he might feel, he would never rest on a couch unless compelled by sickness to do so, lest he might thereby encourage native lethargy. He did all he could to stir up the people. He even sent home for a set of quoits in the hope that he might induce them to take exercise by interest in the game. The quoits were used once! On another occasion he tried to interest them in battledore and shuttlecock.

During the financial crisis which fell upon Calcutta in 1848, Dr Duff wrote thus to a friend:—

"You must know what a sad state of things we have had in connection with mercantile affairs. I always dreaded the influence of Britain's great idol, Mammon, fully as much as that of 'the Man of Sin,' or

infidelity, because it is, if possible, more insidious. The idolatry of Mammon has been increasing with such fearful strides that it threatens to swallow all other idolatries, which is nothing more than the swallowing up of gigantic evils by another more gigantic. For the idolator of Mammon is one in whom the love of God and of neighbour becomes extinguished."

An Indian Tour.

This is how Dr Duff took rest! Before returning to Scotland he visited many of the missionary stations of the different societies working in India. His medical adviser sanctioned a tour up the Ganges and Jumna (in the cold weather) provided, he added, all precautions necessary when travelling in India were taken, and all needless fatigue and exposure were avoided. To this programme Duff added a tour through Southern India.

As his journey had to be made in a land where the sun is king, the heat at times suffocating, the dust a constant irritation, and even writing can be very fatiguing, he passed from place to place chiefly during the night. He was carried in a palki, which is like a covered litter sufficiently broad and long to admit of lying down and deep enough for sitting up in, with sliding sides, and borne by four bearers by means of a pole attached to either end.

Where the path was good, sleep might be enjoyed, but when the very narrow way wound through the jungle, the lair of wild and venomous animals, rest might not be so easy. The quickened pace of the bearers, their louder grunt or chant, the increased glare of the torches must have been very disturbing. One night, for example, the missionary, who often walked along the narrow path before turning in, had lain down in the palki, when a sudden shout from the bearers, together with the jerking of the palki to one side, indicated that something was amiss. He found that the bearers had almost trodden upon a large and deadly snake lying on the narrow path along which he had just been walking in the dark. Fortunately, instead of striking, it tried to escape, but was followed and killed.

On another occasion, while Dr Duff was walking ahead in the dark, the cries of his bearers stopped him as he was on the point of stepping into another branch of a river they had recently crossed. At times the overarching of the banyan and other trees made the darkness so intense that it seemed to oppress one like a mantle. Then when they passed a collection of huts, the lights, the din of voices and the surrounding darkness combined to make a scene that reminded one of the realms of darkness which poets have described. When passing from Travancore through the Western Ghauts, as the range of hills is called, the path ran in the bed of a steep

rocky stream, and here, where it was more pleasant to walk than to bear the inevitable jolting in the palki (the height at which they were travelling tempered the heat and made this possible), he enjoyed a reminder of his boyhood days when he leapt from boulder to boulder along a Highland burn. One evening, after darkness had fallen amongst these heights, on looking out from the bungalow he saw the steep sides of the mountains glowing, as if lighted up by the blaze of numberless stars, with myriads of fireflies. In the extreme south of India he had to cross a waste of reddish sand, where there were no made roads, and when the wind blew it carried the sand like snow in a blizzard, obliterating both sky and path so completely that even the local guide wandered from the path. When travellers cross this waste at night they take their direction from the stars.

In this way, as he says, Dr Duff "galloped" over the country, travelling by night and during the day sitting grilled in a solitary bungalow (public buildings built at certain places for the use of travellers), or incessantly employed at a mission station, talking to friends, inspecting schools, or addressing adults or children. In one of these places he describes his experience thus :—

"I touch the table but draw back my hand, it is so hot. I take a sip of water; it is more than tepid, more than lukewarm, it is positively hot. When I write, no matter how heavily, the ink is not out of the pen

when it is dry on the paper. The heat compels a man to remain as quiet as he can in the house in order to have some chance of barely existing or passively vegetating." What a terrible obstacle is this to active, all-pervading missionary exertion! (One more proof that India's children alone can fully overtake missionary work). But it is noteworthy that even in such exhausting heat Duff would not seek relief by lying on a couch.

In the Jungle.

On the other hand, Dr Duff noticed as he passed along that with irrigation and cultivation this climate draws out from what is otherwise a sandy waste the most luxuriant crops and foliage. Why then, he asks, is there so much jungle and waste land? His obvious interest in what concerned their temporal interests endeared him greatly to his pupils and to the people of India. "Can it be," he adds, "the land tax which renders these efforts unremunerative? Then as a Christian I would strive to get the tax reduced." The singing of birds in the jungle refreshed him amid the dreary waste, as he had never heard such vocal music from the choristers of the Indian groves before. "It transported me at once to a Scottish landscape on a fine rosy morning in May, when every branch of every tree seems animated and vocal with diverse notes, but all chiming and blending into the harmony of a choral band,

with its ten thousand gay and merry songsters. I was riveted and entranced. I stood and listened, and stood again. And in the associations excited by these sweet melodies, which constituted a chime that has been transmitted unchanged from the dawn of creation, I quite forgot the surrounding jungle, which might prove the lair of the tiger or the serpent, till the fire-like rage of the King of day, mounting in the Orient sky, reminded me there must be an end of all earthly joys, and that I must hasten on in my solitary journey."

If stones could only speak what a thrilling story the ruined fort of St. David, near Cuddalore, could have told him of the doings of that small and obscure company of British merchants who depended originally upon the protection of the fort for their existence in that foreign land, then ruled by the mightiest emperor in Asia, and their gradual rise from this position to become themselves the rulers of the vast Empire! When Dr Duff reached Tanjore and Tranquebar he visited with deep emotion the scenes of the labours of Ziegenbalg (with whom George I. corresponded), Schwartz and their comrades, the pioneers of Protestant missionary effort in that great stronghold of Hinduism.

Hindu Temples and Caste.

The architecture of the Hindu temples amazed him. At Seringham the wealth and

magnificence of the pagoda, with its priceless vessels of gold and the valuable jewels with which the swami or idol was decked during festivals was beyond anything he had yet seen, and fully justified the description of these treasures which he had hitherto regarded as pure romance. The massive gold suit cover of the idol was made like the armour worn in former days in separate parts. The hand part alone, from the wrist to the tip of the finger, reached from his own elbow to the tip of his middle finger. At Madura the splendour of the halls enabled him to understand the overwhelming impression they would make upon a warm imagination when they were lighted up for a festival and there was musical accompaniment.

Caste, the rule of life for the sincere Hindu, the greatest obstacle with which missionary effort has to contend, he found everywhere supreme. By this rule millions of India's people were regarded by their neighbours of good caste as untouchable, and they were not allowed to come near, much less to enter, a temple to join in worship. And to his deep regret Dr Duff found at that time Christian converts from a higher caste would not worship even with converts from a lower caste or from the pariahs or untouchables, unless there was a clear space kept between them on the floor of the church where they sat. This rule penetrated even to social circles, for an Indian Christian lady who called with her little girl upon the missionary's

wife would not allow the child to eat a piece of rice cake when it was offered, because the cook who had made it was of a lower caste. It was more saddening still to him to learn that, after the English service, which was held in the Syrian Christian College Chapel, water had to be sprinkled through the building to remove any pollution before the Syrian service which followed could be held.

At Ramnad the interpreter from the Rami's palace called on him; he was a member of the Church of England, who owed his position to his knowledge of both Tamil and English. He was the son of parents who were members of the Church of Rome. After learning English he began reading the Bible, though his father seriously warned him against doing this, as it would only do him harm. On the principle, as he replied, that you can only tell whether food was good or bad by tasting, he continued reading. Finally he left the Romish Church, and became a member of the Church of England. Because of this change, he admitted that no member of his former caste would now eat with him, yet when invited to join the missionary at a meal he declined lest he should lose caste.

As, however, he remembered the rock from which they had been hewn Dr Duff found much to cheer him in the sincere character of the converts, the life of the true Christian villages, and the steadfast endurance of those who had to pass through bitter persecution. He recognized the greatness of

the need of workers, the earnestness of those in the field, the hopeful outlook, the grand beginning and the splendid opportunity before the Christian Church. He was also more than ever convinced of the need for training an educated Christian ministry familiar with the habits and thoughts of those whom they addressed.

The following example makes this clear. A tribe, amongst whom there were Romish and Protestant converts, was addressed by a European missionary on contending earnestly for the faith. Though the speaker carefully explained that this meant the use of spiritual methods, not those of physical violence with which they had been familiar, hearers understood his address in the way that appealed to their unregenerate pugnacity. Casting about for some opportunity, they resolved to make a village of their own serfs Christian by force. Having surrounded the village they refused to allow their serfs the use of the village well until they agreed to become Christian. After three days they gave in, and, in the end, became a respectable Christian community.

Visit to Ceylon.

In order to gratify a desire which he had cherished, Dr Duff resolved, when so near the coast, to cross to Ceylon to visit the missions there. It was only after a third attempt that he succeeded in reaching the island. On the first occasion, as the crew, in spite of strict orders to see that this was

done, had not ballasted the boat, it heeled over so far when running before the wind that the water washed over the side. The boat was gradually filling, and the party had to return. Duff's friend, who had anxiously watched with a glass from the shore, noticed the danger, and was glad to receive the missionary safely back again. On the second occasion Duff was warned against making the attempt, because the wind, which would enable the crossing to be made, might keep him wind-bound in Ceylon for some time. He succeeded, however, in reaching the island at last, though, wretched sailor as he was all his life, he never passed through so miserable an experience. He had to lie on a bench on the windward side of the vessel, and here he had the greatest difficulty in preventing himself from rolling off on to the floor, where two or three inches of water were washing about. As the port-hole was leaking, he and all his belongings were drenched. But exhausted as he was, he was able to preach on that Sunday evening for his friend, Dr M'Vicar, Colombo.

The Ganges and Jumna Valley.

In the cold weather Dr Duff continued his tour, visiting all the stations and historic localities in the Ganges and Jumna valley. The imposing ruins of Futtehpore Sikri, which lie about twenty-four miles to the west of Agra, greatly impressed him. On the inside

of the gateway, Akbar, the greatest Mogul Emperor already referred to, had inscribed in Arabic the words; "Jesus, on whom be peace, has said the world is merely a bridge; you are to pass over it and not build your dwellings on it." At Agra he visited also the tomb of the Light of the Harem, the Taj Mahal, with its wonderful beauty. At one of the stations, while travelling along the Ganges valley, though only one person attended, Duff conducted a regular service. That person became a zealous and liberal member of the Free Church in Calcutta. Dr Duff always felt that the important message he had received should be delivered whether his audience was one, as on this occasion, or twenty thousand, as once happened in Wales. At Lahore, where he was the guest of Sir Henry Lawrence, he preached to upwards of two hundred in the great Hall of Government House, the great Durbar or audience Hall of the Mohammedan Emperors and Sikh Maharajas. While at Lahore he was greatly impressed by the illustrations of "Preaching without words" at the parade of the 4th Sikhs, when Captain Colin Mackenzie, who had raised the regiment, bade them farewell. Like Carey, Duff knew the value to mission work of this "cordial friendship."

Down the Indus.

From Lahore Dr Duff made his way by boat down the Indus. Here is his description

of his accommodation:—"In the centre of a large flat-bottomed boat there was erected a small hut of bamboo reeds and thatch of about twenty feet in length, which was divided into two parts, one for my cabin, the other for servant and cooking place. The inside of it was hung with a thin coarse yellow cloth so as to render it more commodious. For flooring I had strong reedy mats. Inside of it I got my travelling palki, which served me for a bed at night, and the roof of it for a table by day. Beside this I had no furniture, not even a chair."

On this trip he found the dust most trying. "Towards noon every day a strong wind arose, and all around the dust was raised so that the sky looked as if covered with thick whitish, yellowish haze, all from the horizon to the zenith. Then a sudden gust of wind would, here and there, raise up the dust like a solid column of gigantic stature into the sky, and several of these columns might be seen moving about like giant warriors engaged in aerial gymnastics. When a gale blew it was like the densest snowstorm. The whole canopy of heaven was surcharged with dust; the sun was invisible. When the gusts were most violent one could not see from one end of the boat to the other, and at no time during the day beyond a few hundred feet." In another letter written on the Western border of the Runn of Cutch he said: "I assure you I am now lodged for the night in a cow-house, and right glad and thankful to God

for the shelter of such a humble dwelling in this dreary and most barren waste." The Runn of Cutch is a salt marsh which is flooded by the tide for several months of the year.

It was at Sehwan on the Indus that Dr Wilson and he met after so many years, compared notes and experience, and together crossed the Runn of Cutch on their way to Bombay, whence Duff sailed for home. Whether it was due to weakness of spirit through physical exhaustion, or that the memory of his former work weighed upon him, he wrote in his diary "The Church at home is expecting too much from me as an instrument," and, recalling the words in Isaiah, he prayed that "the Church would be led to trust less in the servant and more in the King and give all the glory to Him."

CHAPTER IX.

Rousing the Church.

Dr Duff reached Scotland in the early part of 1850, in time to take part in the deliberations of the General Assembly of the Free Church. On this occasion he spoke five times. The effect of one of his speeches his biographer writes he had "never seen equalled in any audience popular or cultured." One London publisher stated that after the report of the speech reached London he had very many applications for the song from which a quotation in the speech was taken. In this speech Dr Duff had said:—

"In the days of yore, though unable to sing myself, I was wont to listen to the poems of Ossian and to many of the melodies that were called 'Jacobite Songs.' Roving in the days of my youth on the heathery heights or climbing the craggy steeps of my native land, or lying down to enjoy the music of the roaring waterfall, I was wont to admire the heroic spirit which they breathed; and they became so stamped on my memory that I have carried them with me over half the world. One of them seemed to me to embody the quintessence of loyalty of an earthly kind. It is the stanza in which it is said by

the father or mother 'I hae but ae son, the gallant young Donald;' then the gush of emotion turned his heart inside out, and he exclaimed "But oh! had I ten they would follow Prince Charlie." Are these the visions of romance, the dreams of poetry and song? Oh, let that rush of youthful warriors from bracken, bush, and glen that rallied round the standard of Glenfinnan—let the cold, cold grey beds and grassy winding sheets of the bleak Culloden Moor bear testimony to the reality and intensity of the loyalty to an earthly prince. And shall a Highland father and mother give up all their children as an homage to earthly loyalty, and shall I be told that in the Churches of Christ, in the Free Church of Scotland, fathers and mothers will begrudge their children to Him who is the King of Kings and Lord of Lords?"

Different Temperatures.

The Assembly asked him to visit the Presbyteries of the Church in order to awaken deeper interest in the Foreign Mission Scheme and secure regular support for the work. He found the work encouraging, but at the same time he wrote:—

"The mass of little-mindedness, carnality and selfishness abroad in our churches is quite awful. Really, were it not that the work is the Lord's, I would long ere this be done with it."

He met with the objection that the people

were poor and could give no more. All that he asked in reply was that the people might be allowed to judge for themselves.

"If the people want to hear," a minister said, "I will not interpose between Dr Duff and them." "Interpose!" said Duff, "between me and the people! No, the work is not mine—the cause is not mine—it is Christ's—and the question for you to solve is whether you will interpose between Christ and his people."

"I really had no idea," he wrote, "of the amount of impassiveness or immobility, a *vis inertia*, abroad, especially among ministers and office-bearers with reference to *active* measures on behalf of the great cause of the world's evangelisation. Plenty fine words, it is true. But what I want is fine deeds."

But the audience themselves were also of various temperatures. "In some there is an unmelting hardness, in others, as yesterday and on Sabbath, a melting of hundreds as of wax before the fire."

He met some instances of unruly behaviour among the young. Of one Sabbath School he wrote:—"I scarcely can remember to have seen such incorrigible human hyaenas."

Still he could write hopefully to a friend. "There has been much to encourage me. In spite of unavoidable influences from the 'mixed multitude' that went up from Egypt with God's people at the Disruption, I do find, in the main, that the cause of the Free Church is the cause of vital godliness."

His chief aim in going through the Church was to persuade each congregation to form an Association pledged to support the Foreign Missions of the Church. To this there were considerable objections, of which the following may be taken as an example :—

"Before the meeting some of the leading men in the Deaconship and Eldership told the pastor point-blank that it would never do to have an association for foreign missions ; it would interfere with the Sustentation Fund, etc., etc.—that is, in plain English, with their well-closed pockets. After the meeting last night the minister simply asked the deacons, etc. 'Well, what do you think of the matter now?' The unanimous reply was 'There is but one way of it—there's no getting over that—there's no resisting that we must have an association forthwith.'"

When he visited Montrose Dr Duff addressed a ladies' seminary and shortly afterwards received this message :—

"I am requested by a few of my pupils to forward to you the enclosed small sum for the India Mission, subscribed by them as the best way of showing the great pleasure they felt in seeing and hearing you in their own class room last week, and also the fresh interest a small band of them are disposed to take in the good work of which you are the advocate."

He suggested that it would be good to secure in each congregation a few persons who would act as collectors and go round at certain times to receive the gift, however

small, from anyone who was feeling the grip of honouring Christ who trusted them in this matter, like these girls, and who wished to help the missionary work of the Church. If this were done, the committee who directed the work abroad would come to know how much they might count on receiving.

Intemperance and Housing.

It is of interest to recall that during his furlough Dr Duff had to face some problems which are still with us, as shown by a letter he wrote in answer to a circular inviting him to attend a meeting in the Queen Street Hall on the subject of intemperance and housing.

"The object in view—viz., the mitigation or removal, in wise and judicious ways, of the widespread destitution among the poorer class—is one of the most momentous that can engage the attention of the community at large.

"It is to be hoped that in the system about to be established the most searching inquiries will be made into the generating causes of so much physical wretchedness and suffering, so that from the accumulation of facts wisely devised preventive measures may be suggested and ultimately adopted.

"As intemperance and vice are assuredly among these generating causes, and as the ill-aired, ill-lighted, ill-watered, ill-drained habitations of the poor have much to do with originating the morbid cravings which lead

to intemperance and vice, it were well if a section of the new association should devote its exclusive energies to the prosecution of adequate measures for securing well-aired, well-watered, well-drained habitations for the people in question.

Habitations will not of themselves elevate any class of society morally, intellectually or religiously ; but, as the result of observation in many lands, I am satisfied that without such habitations, all attempts to elevate any class of society will prove to a great extent nugatory, and will only be an everlasting repetition of efforts to roll up to a more fixed position the stone of Sisyphus, or to replenish to the brim a bottomless bucket."

Another question now too largely assumed to be purely modern emerged in these days, as we find from a lecture delivered by Dr Duff in later, but still mid-Victorian, years. In this lecture he said :—

" In his place in the House of Commons Mr Gladstone once observed : ' It was one of the most melancholy features in the social state of the country, that while there was a decrease in the consuming power of the labouring and operative classes, there was, at the same time, a constant accumulation of wealth in the upper classes, and a constant increase of capital.' And the truth of this testimony to a fact of startling and even appalling significance was at once admitted and re-echoed by a leading member of the opposite side of the House in these words :—

'Yes, we see extreme destitution throughout the industrious classes and, at the same time, incontestible evidence of vast wealth rapidly accumulating.'

"What, then, it has been asked, is the real character of this all-pervading malady? How has this unnatural and perilous state of things been brought about? How has it happened? 'Happened!' has been the reply long since given. It has happened because we have been labouring that it should happen! The wealth of the wealthy has accumulated because all legislation has made that its chief object. Capital has increased because statesmen, the legislature and public writers have all imagined that the increase of capital was the *summum bonum* of human existence! And the prevalent doctrine has been that the wiser course with population—meaning thereby the labouring poor—was to employ the *preventive Check*."

East India Company's Charter.

Somewhat later Duff's attention was drawn to another matter, the East India Company's Charter. It was the price of pepper that first led our nation to trade directly with India, for at the end of the sixteenth century the Dutch, having secured their trade with the East, brought pepper which they sold to the British. In 1599, for some reason, they raised the price of pepper from three shillings the pound to

six and even eight shillings. Thereupon, in September of that year, London merchants held an indignation meeting in Founders Hall, and resolved to form an association to trade with the East, and, with a view to official recognition, agreed further to seek a charter for the Company from the Queen. On 31st December 1600, the Governor and Company of Merchants of London trading to the East Indies was incorporated by Royal Charter, and it became popularly known as the East India Company.

During Dr Duff's residence at home the Company's Charter fell to be renewed, and by request, because of his familiarity with the country, he gave evidence before the House of Lords' Select Committee appointed for that purpose. On the day when he was summoned to appear, his great anxiety to do justice to India on that and subsequent days when he had to answer questions, economic and administrative, asked by those who had studied and were familiar with the subjects, and this from eleven to four on more days than one, wrung from him this prayer, which he wrote on a half sheet of notepaper which lies before me as I write.

"O, Lord, I wait on Thee! my trust is altogether in Thee. The earthly lords before whom I am to appear, alas appear not to have the fear of Thee before their eyes. But, O Lord, Thou knowest my heart. Thou knowest that I fear Thee with a holy reverence. Thou knowest that I now look to

Thee and Thee, alone, for guidance and direction. I do rely upon Thy gracious promise, that when called on to plead for Thy cause before the princes and the nobles of the earth, Thou wilt give Thy unworthy servant such thoughts and words as Thou mayest see to be best. O, do Thou, then, by the Eternal Spirit, breathe into me the right feeling and suggest the right thought and prompt the right words! And, O, do Thou open, bend, and mould the souls of my noble examiners! And dispose them, in spite of natural reluctance to lend an ear to my words and receive what I may communicate for the furtherance of Thy cause and glory in poor benighted India! Turn their hearts as the rivers of water. And may this my humble but earnest prayer find acceptance with Thee through the sole merits of my blessed Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. Amen.

(*Signed*) ALEXANDER DUFF,

6th June 1853."

Lobby of the House of Lords.

This prayer was most surely answered, for his biographer says about the memorable education despatch of 9th July 1854, "Dr Duff's handiwork can be traced not only in the definite orders, but in the very style of what has ever since been pronounced the great Educational Charter of the people of India."

At this time also, as he was on the spot, he carefully examined the work of the London City Mission, on one occasion preaching in the street, and, so impressed was he by London's need, that he wondered why some of the leading clergymen did not more frequently help such a great work. Having heard about it, he resolved one day to test the skill of the London pickpocket. He placed a small piece of linen in the back pocket of his frock coat, then buttoning his coat, walked down one of the notorious streets in broad daylight keeping a sharp lookout. Suddenly he felt a slight tug at his coat-tail pocket, and, turning quickly round, caught sight of a boy disappearing into one of the passages. The piece of linen was gone.

As during his tour of the mission stations in India he had made himself thoroughly familiar with those of the Church Missionary Society, he was asked again to speak at the Society's anniversary meeting. After that meeting he received an anonymous gift of a thousand pounds from a lady, because she said she could not before have believed it possible for a missionary of another Church to speak for two hours without referring to his own labours.

Visit to America.

In 1851 Dr Duff was chosen to preside over the General Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland as Moderator, the highest honour

in the Church, which, he said, magnified his office as missionary, and, though the official court dress was distasteful to him, he wrote to Mrs Duff that if his wearing his own simple dress should cause actual offence to former Moderators he would pocket his dislike rather than offend Christian fathers and brethren. After the rising of the Assembly, although the duties of that high office left him very much exhausted, he yielded to the generous importunity of friends in America, and crossed the Atlantic. He suffered greatly owing to the very stormy weather, but one day the captain came with two seamen to ask his permission to have him carried to the deck where he wished him to witness a sight he might never see again. The ship's deck was encrusted with ice, and all the block and tackle frozen hard so that not a sail could be moved. "If," said the captain, "we were entirely dependent on the sails without the help of steam what could we do?"

On landing, Duff travelled to Philadelphia through a blinding snowstorm where, the lateness of the hour and the storm notwithstanding, he received an overwhelming welcome. Episcopalians, Presbyterians of every school, Congregationalists, Methodists, Baptists, in short, representatives of all the Evangelical Churches in the city, had been invited by his host, Mr Geo. H. Stewart, to meet him. So violent was the storm that some of those present took hours to reach their homes. He was received by one and

all as if an old familiar friend, though not one of them had seen him before. He was, during his stay in the States, greeted with the same hearty enthusiasm, which he found it difficult to resist in his still weak health, but he always regarded himself as having a trust from God, and he cast himself upon the promise of strength as it was needed. His journeyings were like a triumphal procession, and left fragrant memories behind them.

On one occasion he preached before Congress, and it may have been at that service, as one who was present told me, he gave the most magnificient description of Heaven to which my informant had ever listened. Then leaning over the book boards, he said, "I have taken you to the threshold; further I dare not go." As in Scotland, so here the young were as impressed as were the seniors, for Mr Stewart wrote to him of an aged father who told with tears in his eyes that one of his sons said to him not long since that he did not want to go back to his employer but wanted to go to India, and, being told he was not qualified by education, etc., for going, then said "Well then I can gather in children for Dr Duff to teach." At Montreal, in Canada, Duff was invited to speak at a breakfast, and so completely did he hold his audience, although many of them were business men, that no one stirred from the table, albeit that on consulting his watch, when he sat down, he found he had spoken for three hours!

No speaker had less of art in his delivery. At New York, as we see him in the full flood of his oratory, "his tall ungainly form swaying to and fro, his long right arm waving violently, and the left one hugging his coat against his breast, his full voice raised to the tone of Whitfield, and his face kindled into a glow of ardour like one under inspiration—we thought we had never witnessed a higher display of thrilling majestic oratory." "Did you ever hear such a speech?" said a genuine Scotsman near us; "He cannot stop." During one of his addresses it is said the reporters were so carried away that they threw down their pencils, while one who heard him said "thunder and lightning are peaches in cream to such speaking as that." Another says, "His elocution is unstudied; his gesticulation uncouth, but for the intense feeling, the self-absorption out of which it manifestly springs, might even be considered grotesque, yet he is fascinatingly eloquent." The reason is not far to seek; as was said of another "It was the soul that spoke."

Duff was gifted with a biting sarcasm which he very rarely used. "They tell us," he said, "they are not so *green* as to waste their money upon Foreign Missions! Ah, no they describe themselves too well, for greenness implies verdure, and verdure implies moisture and sunshine, and the beautiful growth of a rich herb and foliage and fruit. But not a single blade of generosity is visible over all the dry and parched Sahara of their

selfishness. We must therefore allow them to remain sterile and bare—remain like a scarped and blackened rock, or a sand ridge, or a sand knoll of the desert of Arabia, there to be exposed to all the arid winds of Heaven."

Long ago a wise man wrote "When a man's ways please the Lord, he maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him." Duff found this true on the occasion of his preaching in one of the largest churches in Toronto. Seated on the pulpit stairs, so great was the crowd, was the editor of a local paper who had been very prominent in the rebellion of 1838, and who openly sneered at religion. Instead, however, of a scoffing notice in his journal, which many had feared, Dr Duff next morning received from him a kind letter of congratulation, in which he acknowledged he had been arrested by divine truth as never before, and expressing his admiration for the speaker. The farewell meeting on the eve of his leaving America, Duff said, was the most trying experience through which he had to pass. He found the overpowering kindness of America more difficult to confront than to face, as he had been compelled in loyalty to Christ to do, the raging heathen, scowling infidels, blasphemers of the sacred name, while the scene at the crowded landing stage and on the steamer baffled description. Many could only shake his hand, weep and pass on, while, unsolicited on his part, friends in New York,

and Philadelphia handed him five thousand pounds for his work in India. Never did any man leave these shores so encircled with Christian sympathy and affection.

The Continent and Palestine.

All this continued effort had only one result; it affected his health so severely that now he was threatened with a complete breakdown. The Foreign Missions Committee thereupon urged him to take a complete rest, which he was enabled to do, thanks to the kindness of friends, by visiting the Continent and Palestine in the company of his elder son. That this enforced silence and inaction tried him severely, we learn from a reference he made to it in his farewell address to the Assembly before returning to India :— "I must confess that this was hard to bear, with hundreds of doors of usefulness presenting themselves on every side, and though I struggled against the sentence, yet He soon made me feel that I was in the grasp of an Almighty and Invisible Power that held me fast till I was made to learn the grace of patience and silent enduring submission to His Holy will." This passage reveals that inner life of feeling and emotion which, with a Highlander's self-respect, he seldom allowed to show itself.

The self-repression was evident on the occasion of Duff's departure for India,

when Mrs Duff and he, owing to the conditions of Anglo-Indian life, had to leave some of their family at home. Having bid his younger son good-bye on the platform, at London Bridge Station, he entered the carriage, and, controlled by his stern sense of Carlylian duty, buried himself in the perusal of a daily paper, leaving mother and son to bid a tearful farewell. He was an intense admirer of Carlyle, and on more than one occasion remarked, "I would not care to say it on the house tops in Scotland, but next to the Bible, I owe most to Thomas Carlyle." He was also a great admirer of Milton and Cowper, whose works he read and re-read.

Appeal for India.

Dr Duff had not, however, departed before making a general stirring appeal on behalf of India. This took the form of an eloquent lecture in Exeter Hall, London, on "India and its Evangelisation." "Strive," said Dr Duff, "to realise the height and grandeur of your obligation to the millions of India's poor, cowering, abject children; millions laid helplessly prostrate at our feet by a series of conquests the most strange and unparalleled in the annals of all time; millions once torn asunder by relentless feuds and implacable hatreds, now bound together, and bound to us, by allegiance to a common

Government, submission to common laws, and the participation of common interests! Here is a career of benevolence opened up unto you, worthy of your noblest ambition and most energetic enterprise. Shrink not from it on the ground of its magnitude or difficulties. In contests of an earthly kind, confidence in a great leader, with the heart-stirring traditions of ancestral daring and prowess, have heretofore kindled shrinking cowardice into the fire of an indomitable valour." Then, after a survey of military triumphs from Cressy and Agincourt to Waterloo, he went on:—"But England has had other battles and other warriors and exemplars, nobler still—nobler still in the eye of Heaven and the annals of eternity, however humble and unworthy in the eye of carnal sense and the records of short-lived time. And it is to these that you are now to look, when invited to enter on a nobler warfare——a warfare with the springs and causes of all other warfare——a warfare not for the destruction of any, but for the regeneration of the whole race of man; a warfare one of whose richest trophies will consist in men beating their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning-hooks . . . . . Arise, then, ye Christian young men of England. Through, you, let the store-house of British beneficence be opened for the needy at home and the famishing abroad. Through you, let Britain discharge her debt of gratitude and love to the ascending Saviour, her debt of

sympathy and goodwill to all nations. More especially, through you, let her discharge her debt of justice, not less than benevolence to India, in reparation for the wrongs, numberless and aggravated, inflicted on India's unhappy children. In exchange for the pearls from her coral strand, be it yours to send the Pearl of great price . . . . . And desist not from the great enterprise, until the dawning of the hallowed morn when all India shall be the Lord's. . . . .

"Yes, it shall come! E'en now my eyes behold,
In distant view, the wished-for age unfold.
Lo, o'er the shadowy days that roll between,
A wandering gleam foretells the ascending scene!
Oh! doomed victorious from thy wounds to rise,
Dejected India! lift thy downcast eyes:
And mark the hour, whose faithful steps for thee,
Through time's pressed ranks, bring on the Jubilee!"

In those days during the voyage from Suez to Bombay it was customary, at the last dinner before arrival at port, for the senior military officer on board to propose the health of the ship's captain. On the present occasion this had to be done on a Sunday evening. Dr Duff explained to the officer, who quite appreciated his action, that while in cordial sympathy, he felt it would be inconsistent with his position as a missionary to be present; he would therefore quietly leave the table before dinner was ended. When the toast was proposed, after expressing the good wishes of the company, the officer added

that as it was Sunday evening, and as they had for their fellow traveller the well known missionary, Dr Duff, they would dispense with the customary honours, and by unanimous consent the toast was drunk in silence. Duff next day explained his attitude to the captain, who, however, quite respected it.

CHAPTER X.

The Indian Mutiny.

From Bombay Dr Duff made his way across India, visiting amongst other places of interest, Jubbulpore, where he saw the white marble rocks on the Sacred Nerbudda river; the bees, which often attack visitors, did not molest the party. From the boatmen he received this singular explanation of the white rocks:—They were originally black as coal, till a holy man who led a self-denying life on one of the overhanging ledges which break the face of the rocks, became so holy that he invited the gods to visit him. Although they number over three hundred and thirty million, they all came, and amongst this number the Sun god, and it was the effect of his brilliant presence that changed and left the rocks pure white.

Duff was truly glad to be back again in his beloved Institution, with his devoted colleagues, and right joyfully did his Indian teachers and senior scholars welcome him, but it was evident to one and all how much he had suffered, for as one of his colleagues said, "he was no longer able to run up the

steps of the Institution three at a time, but had to take them one by one."

In May 1857 peace in India was rudely dispelled by the revolt of the Bengal army. It was a hundred years since the British rule had been confirmed in that country by Clive's victory at Plassy, and, according to a saying, that rule was to come to an end after a hundred years. It was a time of special anxiety to Dr and Mrs Duff, because their elder son was surgeon attached to the regiment at Meerut, where the Mutiny started, the officers being shot while at mess. But Dr Groves Duff, feeling unwell that night, was not at mess, and therefore escaped.

Dr Duff's Mission House, as he stated in one of the series of remarkably vivid letters he wrote during this grave period, was "absolutely unprotected, in the very heart of the native city." Yet he never dreamt of leaving it. Rifles and ammunition were served out to the Europeans, and in order to become familiar with the weapon which he received Duff often fired blank cartridge in his compound. One of his colleagues said he would never forget the gleam of glee that lighted up his face as he handled his rifle. Duff "felt with the men of that day that necessity over-rides all conventions." It was on Sunday, 9th May 1857, that the cartridge panic at Meerut set the mutiny ablaze, a mutiny which but for this precipitate incident, which disordered the plans of the conspirators, would, three weeks later, have

taken shape, not in detached and broken form, but as a general rising over the whole land.

Massacre Averted by Storm.

Even as it was, Calcutta itself narrowly escaped a general massacre. "There was a deep-laid plot or conspiracy," wrote Duff, on Sunday, 16th May—"for which some have undergone the penalty of death—to sieze on Fort William and massacre all the Europeans. The night chosen for the desperate attempt was that on which the Maharaja of Gwalior, when here, had invited the whole European Community to an exhibition of fire-works, across the river, at the Botanic Gardens. On that evening, however, as if by a gracious interposition of Providence, we were visited with a heavy storm of thunder, lightning and rain, so that the grand entertainment of the Maharaja had to be postponed. The European officers, therefore, had not left the Fort; and the object of the conspirators being thus defeated, was soon afterwards brought to light to the horror of all, and the abounding thankfulness of such as acknowledge the loving-kindness of the Lord . . . . . At this moment all interest is absorbed by the two most prominent cases, at Meerut and Delhi. Such a blow to the prestige of British power and supremacy has not been struck in the whole history of British India. All Calcutta may be said to be in sackcloth." But with Duff it was not a time of idle

mourning. He was busy heartening others and doing all that was possible towards furthering safety. One night, we are told, two men with lanterns could be seen approaching each other along one of the streets of the native city. They were Doctors Ogilvie and Duff, making their way to enquire about each other's welfare.

Though disaster had been averted in Calcutta by the fortunate storm described by Duff, the city was still in dire peril, and but for the prompt action of General Neil, Calcutta would probably have been tragically enveloped in the mutiny.

Dr Duff used to tell us that when the General was waiting at the station for the landing from the transport of his regiment, which had just arrived from Madras, he heard the stationmaster give the order for the train leaving. "What,!" he said, "Send off the train without my troops! Put him in arrest." The order to start was countermanded, and not until the soldiers had entrained did that train leave Calcutta, with the result that Neil arrived in Benares, the terminus of the line at that date, in time to prevent an outbreak in that city and in lower Bengal, which must have followed.

A Dread Change.

Notwithstanding Calcutta's good fortune thus far the city remained in deep gloom, agitated, as it daily was, by the reverbera-

tions of the dire struggle which was in progress. On 24th June 1857, Dr Duff wrote:—"Through God's over-ruling providence, Calcutta is still the metropolis of British India. But, alas! throughout the whole of the North-West Provinces, all government is at present at an end. The apparently settled peace and profound tranquility which were wont to reign throughout British India in former years, once called forth from an intelligent French traveller the somewhat irreverent but striking remark, that the Government of India was 'like the good Deity; one does not see it, but it is everywhere.' So calm, serene and ubiquitous did the power of British rule then appear to be. How changed the aspect of things now! . . . . Instead of peace and tranquility, security of life and property, ... universal anarchy, turbulence and ruin! the military stations in possession of armed and bloodthirsty mutineers,—the public treasuries rifled—the habitations of the British residents plundered and reduced to ashes,—numbers of British officers, with judges, magistrates, women and children, butchered with revolting cruelties,—the remnant portions of the British that had yet escaped, cooped up in isolated spots, and closely hemmed in by myriads that are thirsting for their blood, while bands of armed ruffians are scouring over the country, striking terror and consternation into the minds of millions of the peacefully disposed."

Calcutta's Sunday of Panic.

In a letter dated 16th June, he said:—"Calcutta has been in a state of alarm far exceeding anything that has gone on before. Our great infantry station, Barrackpore, lies about twelve miles to the north of Calcutta, and on the same side of the river; our artillery station, Dum Dum, about four or five miles to the North-East. To the south is Fort William, and beyond it the great Allipore jail, with its thousands of imprisoned desperadoes, guarded by a regiment of native militia; not far from Allipore is Garden Reach, where the ex-King of Oudh has been residing with about a thousand armed retainers, the Mussulman population, generally armed also, breathing fanatical vengeance on the 'infidels,' and praying in their mosques for the success of the Delhi rebels. Calcutta, being guarded by native police only, in whom not a particle of confidence can any longer be reposed, seemed to be exposed on all sides to imminent perils, as most of the European soldiers had been sent to the North-West. In this extremity, and in the midst of indescribable panic and alarm, the Government began to enrol the European and East Indian residents as volunteers to patrol the streets at night, etc. Happily the 78th Highlanders arrived during the week, and their presence helped to act so far as a sedative. Still, while the city was filled with armed citizens, and surrounded on all sides

with armed soldiers, all known to be disaffected to the very core, and waiting only for the signal to burst upon the European population in a tempest of massacre and blood, the feeling of uneasiness and insecurity was intense. Many, unable to stand the pressure any longer, went to pass the night in central places of rendezvous; numbers went into the fort; and numbers more actually went on board the ships and steamers in the river.

"On Sabbath 14th the feeling of anxiety rose to a perfect paroxysm. On Saturday night the Brigadier at Barrackpore sent an express to Government House to notify that, from certain information he had obtained, there was to be a general rising of the Sepoys on Sabbath. Accordingly, before the Sabbath dawned, all manner of vehicles were in requisition to convey all the available European forces to Barrackpore and Dum Dum. Those which had been sent to the North by the railway on Saturday were recalled by telegraph message through the night. But the public generally had not any distinct intelligence as to the varied movements; and even if they had, there would have been the uttermost uncertainty as to the result. Accordingly, throughout the whole Sabbath day the wildest and most fearful rumours were circulated in rapid succession."

In these circumstances Dr Duff was urged to leave Cornwallis Square, which, on the

event of an attack, would have been in special danger. He declined to do so. "There were others in the Square besides my partner and myself . . . . . If one must leave the Square, all ought to do so; and I did not consider the alarming intelligence sufficiently substantiated to warrant me to propose to my neighbours a universal abandonment of the Square. So I went on with all my ordinary Sabbath duties, altogether in the ordinary way." And, so far as he had heard, not one of the ministers in Calcutta had yielded to the entreaties made to them to refrain from duty; they went on preaching, though in the forenoon the churches were half empty, and in the evening nearly empty altogether.

"On Sunday, at 5 p.m. the authorities, backed by the presence of British troops, proceeded to disarm the Sepoys at Barrackpore, Dum Dum and elsewhere. Through God's great mercy the attempt proved successful. This, however, was only known to a few connected with Government House and their friends, so that the panic throughout Sunday night rose to an inconceivable height. With the exception of another couple, Mrs Duff and myself were the only British residents in Cornwallis Square. Faith in Jehovah as our refuge and strength led us to cling to our post; and we laid us down to sleep as usual; and on Monday morning my remark was, 'Well, I have not enjoyed such a soft, sweet, refreshing rest for weeks past.' Then

we soon learnt the glad tidings that all the armed Sepoys had everywhere been successfully disarmed; and that, during the night, the ex-King of Oudh, and his treasonable courtiers were quietly arrested and lodged as prisoners of State in Fort William."

A Notable Warning.

Even during the Mutiny Dr Duff was anxious "lest the longing for retribution may swallow up the feeling of mercy, and he hoped that, with the restoration of peace, there would be a greater effort to make the Gospel known throughout India." "It should be remembered," he insisted, "that the men who have been guilty of such outrages against humanity have been so just because they never came under the regenerating, softening, mellowing influences of the Gospel of grace and salvation." And he penned a notable warning. "The British people should be jealously on their guard against the fair weather representations of men high in office,—men who from personal intercourse know nothing of native sentiment beyond the glozing lies of a few sycophants,—men who, from motives of political partisanship and personal self-interst, are sorely tempted to mistake the apparent calm on the upper surface for peace, contentment, and loyalty." He held that it was right the British people should know the real state of native feeling, and should insist on a rigid

scrutiny into its causes. He had a great contempt for the cowards of India House, who, in their fear of giving official support to Christian work, declared for neutrality, yet for the time openly recognised Hinduism. "Cowards in the eyes of man, and traitors in the eyes of God."

Through all the trials of the mutiny the loyalty of the Indian Christians to the British Government cheered him greatly. Rev. Lal Behari Day, one of their number, describing their trying position said, "If they fell into the hands of the mutineers, they received short shrift, and yet they could not altogether extinguish in their hearts every feeling of sympathy for the people of the land of their birth, however much they might disapprove of their actions."

When Lord Canning was leaving India, Dr Duff, wearing his moderator's robes, attended at Government House, with other delegates from different societies to pay the customary respect to him. Sir John Peter Grant, noticing the ornamental gown which the doctor was wearing, remarked that it put them all into the shade. "And why not?" was the Highlander's reply, "A Duff's as good as a Grant."

Meantime the work went on as usual, though the strain was very obviously telling upon Duff's frame, in spite of his great recuperative power. It was now no unusual thing for him, after conducting service in the Free Church on the Lord's Day, to drive

home lying prostrate in the conveyance drenched with perspiration and unable to speak ; but on reaching home, after an hour's rest and a change of garments, to appear quite refreshed.

A Lover of Punctuality.

He hated unpunctuality in public or in private. On one occasion he wrote to ask Mrs Duff to "apologise to Misses —— for my unusual abruptness yesterday, by simply stating of my being touched to the quick at finding myself unable to implement my engagement with Mrs —— to the *very second*. I am sure they must have thought me acting a strange part when, for instance, among other things, I actually took the bread out of A's (his son's) hand and hurried him away. I would rather want my breakfast a hundred times than fail in a plighted engagement, if otherwise able to fulfil it. Punctuality, rigid punctuality, as to time not less than order and arrangement, is a prime article in my code of practical morals." Now, owing to many excessive calls upon his time, it sometimes happened that he was late for his Bible Class. In that event, had you looked in you would have heard the class commence punctually to read in rotation the passage prescribed for the day till he arrived. When he appeared he always apologised, and pleaded that with so many calls upon his time, it was difficult to avoid being sometimes late.

Duff now made an effort to open a school for girls of the higher castes for, as he said at a later date in the Assembly, "You may teach the men in India, but you have done only half the work if you fail to educate, civilize, and Christianise the females." For the third time in his experience he was indebted to an Indian gentleman, who agreed to let the missionary have a room or two in his house, which stood in the same street as the new Institution, in which to open the school, and who also, by his influence with his neighbours, induced them to send their girls to the school. One of the last visits Duff paid before he left India for good was to this school, which is still known as "Duff's School." A lady visitor who found the doctor at the school wrote, "It was a touching sight to see this great man, the real pioneer of the enlightenment of India, as eagerly teaching these little girls as in preparing the students in his College for University matriculation, and, of course, underlying all was the lesson of the Gospel—Jesus Christ as Saviour and sympathetic Friend."

CHAPTER XI.

Farewell to India.

But there is a limit to what the strongest constitution can endure, and Dr Duff was now obliged to yield and bid a final farewell to India. In 1863 Sir Charles Trevelyan, to whom the Viceroy had offered the post of Vice-Chancellor of Calcutta University, wrote to Lord Elgin submitting that Dr Duff should be appointed in his stead. But Duff's growing physical prostration, increased in July by a return of his old enemy, dysentry, the effects of which even a sea voyage to China did not completely throw off, forbade his acceptance of office. There was another constraining reason why he should now return to his native land for good. Away back in 1847 Dr Candlish had appealed to him "Come home to save the Missions." Duff could not do so then. But now that one Convener after another had passed away and Dr Candlish had temporarily undertaken the duties, Duff, on the call being powerfully renewed, felt it could no longer be resisted. Thus it was arranged that on his return to Scotland he would take the helm as Convener of the Missions of the Free Church.

In a general valedictory address at Calcutta he contrasted the hopes that inspired him on first coming to India with those which stirred him now when he was sorrowfully compelled to abandon the shores of the much-loved couutry. He left, he said, with "a stronger faith and a livelier hope of an early, bright, and glorious future for India than I had dared at the outset to dream of entertaining." In closing his farewell address to his students he said:—"And when at last this frail mortal body is consigned to the tomb, while I myself think that the only befitting epitaph for my tombstone would be: 'Here lies Alexander Duff, by nature and practice a sinful, guilty creature, but saved by grace through faith in the blood and righteousness of his Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ;' were it by others thought desirable that any addition should be made to this sentence, I would reckon it my highest earthly honour should I be deemed worthy of appropriating the grandly generous words, already suggested by the exuberant kindness of one of my oldest native friends, in some such form as follows: 'By profession a missionary, by his life and labours the true and constant friend of India.' Pardon my weakness, nature is overcome; the gush of feeling is beyond control; amid tears and sadness I must now bid you a solemn farewell."

On the 20th December 1863, Dr Alexander Duff sailed from India to make the journey by the Cape of Good Hope to the homeland.

Visit to South Africa.

With returning health and strength he acted as chaplain to the ship's company, and endeared himself to all so much that when he left the ship at Cape Town the sailors and soldiers paid him the unusual compliment of cheering him. He broke the voyage at the Cape in order to gain at first hand some knowledge of the conditions of the work, the progress made, and the needs of the Church's mission stations in South Africa, which afterwards proved valuable to him in the direction of the Church's missionary efforts. In South Africa he found the attitude of the natives towards missionaries generally was distrust, for which they had some reason. A chief to whom a missionary complained of the thieving which was common, drew himself up, went to the door of the missionary's house, and replied, as he swept his hand on the scene before him, "Yes, Mr —— stealing is very bad, all that country belonged to my fathers, yes, Mr —— stealing is very bad." On the other hand, there was evidence that the natives understood what they owed to the missionaries and willingly showed their gratitude. What they could not understand was why the Gospel had not been sent to them sooner. The Kaffirs could not understand how any responsibility could rest upon them for the death of Christ. They could not see why God who is almighty did not prevent the devil from tempting man.

Christianity was the white man's religion as dancing and other customs were theirs. Many white men were not Christians. Might they not do without it too ?

Travelling through the country had its trying conditions. Sleeping would not be easy in the following conditions :—" Horses browsing near the waggon in which you had to sleep, neighing donkeys also braying and rubbing themselves on the waggon wheels, huge flocks of sheep around and under it, dogs barking making them run thither and hither with great noise, sheep bleating and lambs maying, bulls in the kraal near bellowing, cows lowing, geese cackling and ducks quacking all night." The doctor rose once and drove the tormentors off with a whip, but they soon returned.

The Boers, Dr Duff soon perceived, were as hostile towards the natives as in Moffat's day, and the feeling of Europeans towards the Boers made matters more difficult. Amid all these conditions he went on visiting the different missionaries at their stations, gathering information at first-hand, and was much refreshed in spite of what he saw and heard. It was no mere curiosity that actuated him. " I am content to go on having only one object supremely in view, to ascertain the prospect of things in these regions in a missionary sense, so as to have authentic materials for future guidance if privileged to take the helm of our Foreign Mission affairs."

CHAPTER XII.

A Supreme Sorrow.

Duff, his long South African tour over, reached Scotland in July 1864, "with an enfeebled frame, and his face worn with pain and sleeplessness." His wife and children had preceded him. For a brief span he had rest, though now, as always, with spells of renewed activity. On 10th August, he addressed the Commission of the General Assembly; soon after he took part in Perth proceedings connected with the ordination of the Rev. W. Stevenson as a missionary to Madras; a little later he was at Haddo House, Aberdeenshire, welcomed there by the Countess of Aberdeen, for the ordination of another missionary to Madras. But after six months at home, he had to face the supreme trial of his life, the death of Mrs Duff. This was in February, 1865. The veteran missionary, writing to the son who had remained behind in India, referred to Mrs Duff as "my faithful, loving spouse—my other half, who sustained and cheered and comforted me, and was herself not merely the light of my dwelling, but my very home itself." He noted that in her last hours Mrs Duff had had no pain;

that "life went gradually, gradually ebbing away. As there was no pain, you cannot imagine the singularly sweet, placid, and tranquil expression of her countenance even in the paleness of death." The letter breathed profound sorrow that "the union cemented by upwards of thirty-eight years of a strangely eventful life in many climes, and amid many perils and trials and joys," had been "so abruptly brought to a final close in this world," but the note of faith in a future re-union was triumphantly dominant.

The news of Mrs Duff's death caused deep regret in India. Nowhere was this regret more poignant than among the Bengalee Christians of Cornwallis Square, whose minister, the Rev. Lal Behari Day, speaking from the pulpit of the Mission Church, paid a moving tribute to the noble woman's memory. Mr Day had been twenty-two years a Christian, and he said that during this period he had not seen "a more high-minded and pure-souled woman of loftier character and greater kindliness. Her distinguished husband was engaged in a mighty work, and she rightly judged that, instead of striking out a path for herself of missionary usefulness, she would be doing her duty best by upholding and strengthening him in his great undertaking. Mrs Duff rightly judged that her proper province was to become a ministering angel to her husband, who was labouring in the high places of the field, who had to sustain greater conflicts than most missionaries in the world, and who,

therefore, required more than most men the countenance, the attentions, the sympathy and the consolations of a loving companion. And it is a happy circumstance for our Mission and for India at large that Mrs Duff thus judged. The great success of the memorable father of our Mission is doubtless owing, under God, to his distinguished talents and fervent zeal, but it is not too much to say that that success would have been considerably less than it has been had his hand not been strengthened and his heart sustained by the diligent and affectionate ministration of his partner in life . . . . . The angel of love who so long ministered to our reverent spiritual father, and who was his companion and solace in these wilds of heathenism, upholding his arms in the time of conflict, comforting him in distress, watching over him in sickness, and even pouring into his mind the balm of consolation—that ministering angel has been removed from his side, and Dr Duff has now, in the decline of his life, to pass the remainder of his days alone. What can we, his children on the banks of the Ganges, do further than express our profoundest sympathy with him, and commend him to the fatherly care of Him who is emphatically the God of all comfort ? ”

CHAPTER XIII.

At the Helm.

From the effects of his great sorrow Dr Duff never fully recovered. Often a word, a remark, which afterwards fell from his lips indicated to those who knew him best how deep was his sorrow, how acutely he felt his loneliness. He nevertheless threw himself with zeal into the work which his return devolved upon him.

For many years it had been his desire to help in founding a Central Institution where intending missionaries might be thoroughly equipped for this work. He remembered that, when first appointed to Calcutta, he could hardly find anyone who could inform him about the people of India and the missionary possibilities there. The first step was made when fourteen or fifteen gentlemen, most of them unconnected with the Free Church, offered him ten thousand pounds unconditionally to endow a chair of "Evangelistic Theology." He held the first professorship, to which the General Assembly unanimously appointed him in 1867, but allowed the emoluments to accumulate, to form the endowment, after his death, of the

Duff Missionary Lectureship. Eventually the funds were surrendered, at the bidding of the Royal Commission, to the successful litigants after the House of Lords Judgment in 1904.

A Pen and Ink Portrait.

In after years the late Rev. Dr Wilson, Abernyte, who had been one of Professor Duff's students supplied the writer with the following recollections of his veteran teacher, as the occupant of the Chair of Evangelistic Theology :—

"Dr Duff's lectures in the Chair of Evangelistic Theology, which I attended about the year 1870, were very memorable to me as well as to most of my fellow-students. Many of us felt the need of something to counteract the tendency to make our theological training an affair of the intellect exclusively, and the lectures of the famous missionary seemed exactly to meet that want. Here were intellect, heart, and imagination, all fused by a spirit of red-hot missionary zeal. A few supposed that his zeal rose to an undue pitch, and that he overstrained the claims of the mission field; but our missionary, with Spurgeon, and indeed with the Epistle to the Laodicean Church, believed that the proper temperature of Christianity is red-hot.

"One was impressed at first sight by the striking appearance of the venerable missionary, resembling that of an old prophet,

with his patriarchal beard, furrowed cheeks and white hair rising above an intellectual forehead. He seemed like a scarred veteran who had passed through a hard-fought campaign, not unscathed, yet conspicuously successful. Being much broken down in health he seemed already to have one foot in the grave, and to be ready to soar up to receive his reward in the world of light. It was far from detracting from the interest of his lectures that they were, to a considerable extent, autobiographical. Whilst dealing with various aspects of the mission field and missionary requirements, Dr Duff gave intensity of interest to his subject by illustrating it from his own personal experience. He took us through the drama of his own missionary career from the time of his early decision to devote his great gifts to the cause of Christ in India on to his eventful experiences in Calcutta, and at various points the story rose to a pitch of thrilling interest. In spite of a somewhat redundant verbiage, one felt here was one of the few great natural orators one has the privilege to meet in a lifetime. He evidently felt himself sadly crippled in this respect by his weakened voice and inferior health, like an old eagle with clipped wings; but this very fact lent his lectures a pathos and impressiveness and a depth of spiritual influence they would not have had if he had still been in his vigorous prime. That a great deal of his early fire still remained, however, was evident at

times, when his Celtic nature would take fire and an eloquent outburst would come, presaged by the sudden darting upwards of his right hand with fore-finger pointing up, followed by a downward twirl of the hand, which had somewhat the effect of an unexpected flash of lightning.

"The keynote of his lectures was that the mission cause is no mere matter of secondary, but of altogether central and essential importance in church work. The very *raison d'etre* of a Church is to be a mission agency at home and abroad. With him the position of missionaries yielded in honour to that of no other upon earth. They are the real heroes, the most worthy to be called followers of Christ. Yet even professing Christian parents, he said, would rather let their sons go abroad as merchants or earthly soldiers than as missionaries. But were a prince of the realm to go out as a missionary it would be no downcome, nay, it would be to win a far higher honour than if he were to drivel down into an earthly King. He would quote, in slightly altered form, the old Jacobite lyric which had fired the blood of his own Celtic ancestry—

> I ha'e but ae son, my brave young Donald;
> But if I had ten they would all—follow Jesus.

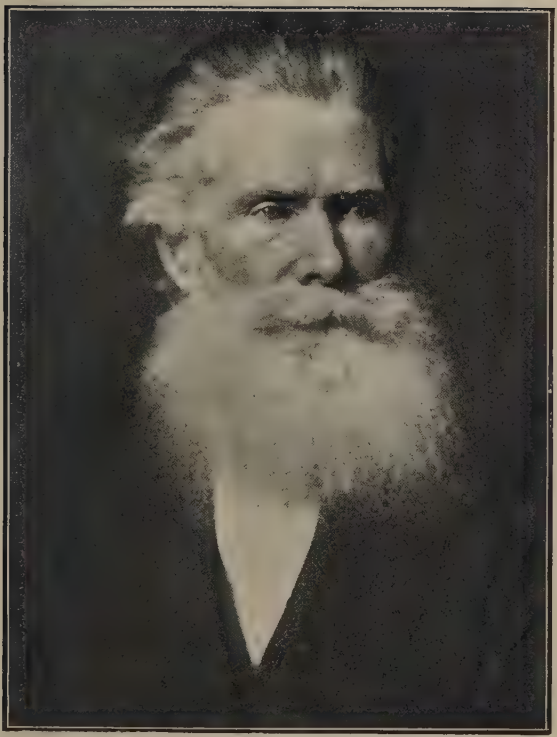
"He would speak with indignation of the excuses given by wealthy men for not contributing much to the cause of missions at the very time when they were laying out

large sums upon mere luxuries. Certain Churches which did nothing for missions excused themselves on the score that their mission was to uphold some old testimony or outworn watchword of the past. 'Evangelise the world by uplifting a testimony! As well,' he declared, 'might one lift up a straw to stem Niagara.'"

"I have always regarded it as one of my highest early privileges to have been brought into some close personal contact with this great missionary."

No part of the work of the Chair gave Dr Duff greater joy than meeting his students in rotation at his home in hospitable entertainment and social intercourse, and drawing out their conversational powers; the Dassen Island Bible and Psalm book were always shown to them.

When it was proposed to send a mission to Lake Nyasa, he entered with great joy into the project. It mattered not to him whether the effort was made in one quarter of the globe or another, and he accompanied the friends who went to bid the mission party farewell. So deep was his interest in the work, though a popular writer seems to doubt this fact, that he wrote to Dr James Stewart of Lovedale, who was then in Nyasaland. "I wish I could join you for a year." To the end of his days everything connected with foreign missions had his earnest attention, and India and its welfare were ever in his thoughts and prayers.



ALEXANDER DUFF
(AT SIXTY-SEVEN)

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CHAPTER XIV.

A Bright Sunset.

Fragile though he was at the time of his wife's death, Dr Duff pressed into the remaining thirteen years of his life, unless towards the close, an astounding amount of radiant and varied activity. The lectures he prepared for his Chair he delivered every winter not only in Edinburgh but also in Glasgow and Aberdeen. Yet, as set forth in Dr George Smith's biography, "he refused to touch any income as professor or as Convener of the Foreign Missions Committee, being content with the modest revenue from the Duff Missionary Fund." The expansion of missions and the raising of funds had his unflagging support; in organisation, interviewing, corresponding and visiting he was unwearied. But necessarily the periods of seclusion and rest were now longer—at Auchendennan, on Loch Lomond, in the spring time, and at Patterdale, in the English Lake district, in the summer season.

Though Duff was naturally of a sociable disposition his work so absorbed his attention

that relatives, some of whom generally resided with him, saw little of him. He appeared punctually at breakfast, thereafter conducted family worship, gave a brief glance at the daily paper, disappeared into his study or left for the offices of the Church or the New College. At luncheon time he appeared, took his share in the conversation, and then retired once more to his study. After dinner, if not too busy, he would converse for a time, and, unless friends were spending the evening, when he joined them in the drawing room, as a rule he retired to his study till it was time for family worship. He enjoyed the usual family gathering on Sunday afternoon for the singing of hymns, his favourite choice being "Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah," or occasionally the hymn which had been Mrs Duff's favourite, "Lo, He comes with clouds descending." When any of the family was leaving home, the travellers' psalm, the one hundred and twenty-first, was usually sung.

His generous desire to help the needy made it difficult for him to refuse anyone who sought alms; he would help anyone who begged from him as he walked home from the College, as he could not endure the thought that he had refused to help a really deserving case. The mendicant fraternity knew this weakness, and, in spite of all precautions, some managed to gain entrance to his study only to offer some article for sale which he purchased in order to get rid of them.

THE funeral of Dr Duff winding its way along the Melville Drive, Edinburgh, on its way to the Grange Cemetery, "while the deep-toned bell of Barclay Church, seen on the right, slowly clanged forth the general grief."

From left to right of the photograph :—

Office-Bearers Cowgatehead Free Church.	Rector and Masters of Royal High School	U. P. Presbytery	Principal Professors and Students U.P. Church.	Established Church.	Civic Authorities.

Lord Polwarth, who was a pall-bearer, in a letter to Lady Aberdeen, writes, "He was a truly great man, and all Edinburgh and far beyond seemed to feel that to-day. It was a solemn sacred sight. Such crowds of people lining the streets, and all along the meadows; such a long, long line of carriages, such an assemblage of men belonging to all the Churches! The great Missionary Societies were all represented, the City, the Universities."

FUNERAL OF Dr DUFF

See page 141

His Second Moderatorship.

In 1873 Dr Duff was, for the second time, proposed as Moderator of the Free Church General Assembly. He hesitated as to acceptance of the nomination, and what finally induced him to consent was his desire to act as a factor of conciliation between those who had been working for Union with the United Presbyterian Church, and the separatist minority who threatened to secede if Union were carried. His addresses as Moderator of the Assembly were, in essence, an appeal for harmony; his cry was "Cease your petty strifes; Unite and fight against your one enemy." But the fissure was not healed. As a compromise measure a "mutual eligibility" proposal favoured by Dr Duff was carried, and this remained in force till 1900 when the union of the two communions was effected, though at the cost of a lamentable secession. Duff acted from the highest motives, but the compromise had tended for the time being to intensify rather than abate ecclesiastical partisanship. Thus it was that when, on the death of Principal Candlish, Duff was nominated for the vacant post he at first assented, but, finding later the state of division which still existed between minority and majority, he withdrew, leaving the way clear for the election of Dr Rainy, whose appointment he heartily welcomed, presiding (in Dr Rainy's absence) at the first meeting of the Senatus held thereafter.

Holidays Abroad.

During his later years Dr Duff's health compelled him to go abroad at various times. In 1870 he accompanied Dr Lumsden, Principal of the New College, Aberdeen, on a tour in Syria—his second in that region, where, as Convener of the Foreign Missions Committee, he had formerly established a Mission. On one of his continental trips he stayed at Neuenahr, on the Rhine, between Boun and Coblentz. One day, while taking his usual walk, he came upon a boy who was fishing from one of the bridges over the Ahr. On looking over the parapet the doctor noticed that the bed of the stream had been paved, to prevent the washing away of the foundations of the bridge. He saw that, as the water rushed over the paving stones, nothing could be caught there. Though ignorant of German, he made the boy understand this, and when the line was lifted he saw to his surprise that the hook was not baited. He then led the boy down the stream to what seemed a likelier spot, hunted for a worm with which he baited the hook, and left the boy fishing.

One year he paid a visit to Norway, and according to custom drove his cariole, but, as he gave more attention to the scenery than to driving, the cariole was upset and he was thrown out and severely shaken. This, however, did not prevent him from continuing his tour. On a later occasion at

Kingussie, the guard of the Laggan coach, while adjusting the baggage, for some reason lost his temper and used an oath. The doctor immediately seized the man's arm, and in a voice full of emotion, his eyes brimming with tears, said: "Oh no, no, you don't mean that." The gentle rebuke had the desired effect.

The Last Days.

Even his holiday excursions were, however, a strain upon the veteran. He told a former colleague he was the only man who knew that there was no moment of his life, by day or by night, in which he was free from the suffering of acute pain, which sometimes increased to such intensity that it seemed too great for endurance. "Ah well," he added, "it will not be for long." But his endurance of pain was remarkable. A few years before his death he refused to take chloroform while the surgeon removed a growth from behind his ear, and after the operation was over came to the next meal, with his head all bandaged, and sat through it as quietly as if nothing had happened. One evening he fell heavily while taking a book from one of the upper shelves in his library, and in falling drove in the panel of an oak desk with his head. On recovering consciousness, though in acute pain, as it was nearly the hour for family worship, he sat down in his chair,

then came into the dining-room and conducted worship as usual. After prayers he seemed unusually anxious that his two grandchildren who were present should retire to bed, and then asked his daughter to see if there was anything wrong with the back of his head. When she saw the severe wound she wished to summon medical aid at once, but to this he would not consent, and only allowed it to be done about ten o'clock next morning when a cab came which had been ordered to take him to the Assembly. As soon as convalescent he left Edinburgh with a male nurse, at the earnest request of the doctor and his relations; two days later the nurse returned, having been paid off.

A second visit was paid to Neuenahr from which he derived no benefit, but he was with difficulty restrained even then in his feeble health from travelling home by the Moselle which he wished his grandson to see. Autumn found him still losing ground, and by medical advice he went to Sidmouth. He rose each day and lay upon the couch, as he would not remain in bed, and refused nursing help till he was too weak to rise. Though utterly weary, he was bright with hope of recovery, and remained clear in his mind till a day or two before his death. On Sunday morning he responded with the words "Blessed truth," to the verses in Peter which run: "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord." The earth gradually faded, as the wearied but rejoicing servant passed on the morning of

MEMORIAL CELTIC CROSS
AT PITLOCHRY PARISH CHURCH

See page 141.

Tuesday, 12th February 1878, to meet the King he had so loyally served.

The news of the great missionary's death sent a wave of sadness all over the world, and moving tributes to Dr Duff's memory came from far and near, Mr Gladstone describing the departed saint as one who stood in the first rank of those heroic and apostolic men who had given themselves up to the holy cause of missions. In the funeral procession to the Grange Cemetery in Edinburgh the municipalities of the country, the four Universities, the Royal High School, all the Scottish Presbyterian denominations, the English, American and Indian Churches, and all classes of the people were represented. The grave in the Grange Cemetery has become to many a place of pilgrimage, as has also the beautiful memorial Celtic Cross, with medallion bust portrait, at Pitlochry Parish Church, which tells of the high plane of life and endeavour reached by one who began his great and marvellous career as a boy in quiet, rural Moulin.

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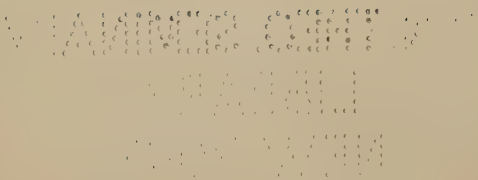

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Watson, A.D.

Self lost in service

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